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The French Note.  
Mr. Gladstone on a War-horse.  
Whose is Mr. Whitworth's Gun?  
Garotting and its Promoters.  
The Infant Colony of Queensland.  
Faction Fights.  
Mantraps at Mamhead.

Romance of the Rail.  
Political Parties.  
The Federal Financial Position and its  
Lessons.  
Russian Reforms.  
Silk Cotton.  
The Past Week.

#### REVIEWS:—

Christopher North.  
Dr. Whewell's Additional Lectures.  
Roman History at Rome.  
Lives of the Engineers—The Stephenson—  
Second Notice.  
The Two Catherine's.  
Northern Europe.

#### ART AND SCIENCE:—

Contemporary Science.  
Scientific Intelligence.  
A Live Gorilla (?) in England.  
Learned Societies and Institutions.  
Learned Societies—Meetings for next  
Week.  
List of New Publications for the Week.

#### THE FRENCH NOTE.

THE French Note has arrived, and has been somewhat strangely made public before it is possible that the English reply can have been received. There is some difficulty in comprehending the exact chronology of the transaction. The despatch of M. Drouyn de Lhuys bears date October 30th, yet the first meeting of the English Cabinet was held on November 11th, which was followed by a second on the following day. It is hardly credible that the discussion of so important a question could have been deliberately postponed for ten days after the receipt of the invitation. We must therefore assume that, for some reason or other, the delivery of the French Note to Lord Russell was deferred to a day considerably later than that on which it bears date.

Popular rumour affirms, with a persistency to which it is difficult not to give credit, that the final result of the deliberations of the British Cabinet has been to decline the joint action proposed by the Emperor of the French. In coming to this decision, we have no doubt they have arrived at the only conclusion consistent with prudence. It is true that the French proposal does not, on the face of it, contemplate anything more than a simple remonstrance, addressed to both sides, with a view to induce them to desist from hostilities. But any one must perceive at once, that to do this is either to do nothing, or involves doing much more. As far as the moral force of opinion is concerned, the voice of Europe has sufficiently pronounced in favour of the cessation of this internecine strife. The only object of conveying this opinion in the form of an authoritative representation through the official organs of the three great Governments, is to impress the belligerents with the conviction that in the last resort those Governments intend to enforce their opinion. A Government that does not, and is not supposed to intend to act, remonstrates in vain. Its despatches have little more influence than a speech or a leading article. The first question, then, we must ask ourselves is, whether the French proposal, if it is to go no further than it professes on the face of it, is worth supporting. And the second question is whether, if in its results it would lead to ulterior responsibility, it would be safe to incur the risks of such a responsibility. Regarding the proposal as final in itself and not to be extended to any further consequences, nothing would seem less opportune or more inefficient. In the celebrated fight between Heenan and Sayers, we can understand either the police or their respective backers breaking in upon the ring. But if Sir R. Mayne, between the rounds, had presented to each party a copy of Dr. Watts's hymn which commences, "Let dogs delight to bark and bite," we should have thought he had rather mistaken his vocation. And we suspect that even if the Archbishop of Canterbury had been asked to join in the chorus, however much he might have approved of the sentiments, he would probably have declined so ineffectual an intervention.

The French note affirms that "these overtures would not imply, on our part, any judgment on the origin or issue of the struggle." As

to the origin of the struggle, this may possibly be true, but we cannot comprehend how such a proposal can fail to pronounce judgment on the issue of the struggle. The North are fighting, at immense cost of life and treasure, in order to reduce the South into obedience to the former Government of the United States. The declaration of an armistice would be a virtual acknowledgment that the North is incapable of accomplishing the object for which it is in arms. The majority of sensible people may be of this opinion, and it does not want the united voice of three Cabinets to inform the Government of Washington that this is the judgment of Europe. If there were any good grounds for believing that the North are really anxious to abandon the struggle, they certainly would have the means to do so. But where is the evidence of any such disposition? So far from anything of the kind appearing, the advance of General McClellan into Virginia shows that they are more than ever determined to attempt a decisive blow. If, as is suggested, they only want a little gentle pressure in order to give them a decent excuse for backing out of the fight, the fault of the French proposal is that it does not apply that pressure. If you say to a man who has no great stomach for a fight, "If you do not desist I shall call the police;" he may fairly say to the adversary and the public, "You see, it is impossible for me to go on." But if you merely say, "I think you had better not fight, but if you do I shall not interfere;" you do nothing to help him out of the scrape, for all the motives of pride, shame, and interest, which force him into the struggle, remain as strong as before. If the Government of Washington could say to the people of the North, "If we do not conclude peace at once, we shall have Europe upon our backs," they might have some excuse to cover their retreat; but to say, "France, England, and Russia think we had better stop; but if we are of a different opinion they will not interfere," would neither save their honour nor secure their interests.

But if, on the other hand, as we are disposed to believe, the North have by no means abandoned their hopes of success, what possible inducement can there be for them to entertain for a moment the French proposal? Their only chance of defeating the South is by keeping up the contest with unwearied vigour, in order to gain all the advantages which belong to superior wealth and superior numbers. A six months' armistice is a measure exclusively in favour of the weaker Power, whilst the suspension of the blockade would be to fling away the one weapon in which the North have at present a decisive advantage. How could it be for an instant supposed that the North, unless they preferred to admit themselves finally and decisively beaten, would consent to allow the South to replenish at once their coffers by the sale of their cotton, and their arsenals by the introduction of munitions of war? To make such an offer to the North would be a mockery and an insult. It is nothing else than to invite them to declare themselves finally and conclusively beaten.

If such a proposal were to be made, not as the French Emperor suggests, for the purpose of being accepted or rejected by the contending parties, but were to be enforced by the sword of Europe, it is clear that the Powers which enforced the armistice



would have to settle the conditions of peace. Whether this would be a just or expedient measure may be doubted; but at all events it would have the advantage, that it would produce the only justifiable object of mediation—Peace. But an armistice after the French idea would have no tendency to result in peace. It would be only giving the combatants their wind for a final bout. Would the question of boundary be a bit nearer its solution when the six months' truce had expired? Would the South be willing to take less, or the North to yield more? Would the question of the territories be resolved? How would the partition of the territories be decided? What conclusion would be arrived at as to the distribution of the debt? These are all questions on which the pretensions of either side would be wholly irreconcilable, and if the parties are to be left to themselves, can be reached only by the sword.

The French Despatch talks with a safe generality of "smoothing down obstacles and interfering only in the measure determined on by the two parties." But we should like to know whether this Utopian sort of mediation, which is to be an intervention only so far as the parties may concur, has ever been found practicable either in private or international affairs. In the case of individuals who submit to a reference, there is the ultimate action of the court of law which enforces the decision on the malcontent party. In the case of nations, it has always been found necessary for the intervening Power to compel the acceptance of its counsel by force of arms, exerted sometimes against one, sometimes against the other, often against both the subjects of the mediation. There always arises a critical point in the negotiation, at which one side becomes dissatisfied with the decision and refuses to be bound by it. In this state of things one of two things must happen; either hostilities must recommence, and the whole object of the intervention fails, or the refractory party must be reduced to submission, and then the mediating parties must be prepared to exert the last argument of force.

Lord Palmerston is a statesman of far too much experience not to foresee the ultimate results of an intervention which, commencing in remonstrance, can hardly end without war. We have but little doubt that it is the profound conviction that the French proposal in itself does too little, and in its consequences would lead to too much, which has governed the decision of the Cabinet in declining to embark in an attempt which is probably useless and certainly perilous. European intervention might possibly succeed in producing peace, but it will not be by talking about it, but by enforcing it. If we had made up our minds about the terms of the settlement, and were prepared to give them effect, intervention means an army in Canada and a fleet in the St. Lawrence. We cannot feel surprised if an English Minister should consider the month of November not altogether the most favourable for a discussion which cannot dispense with such arguments in the last resort.

#### MR. GLADSTONE ON A WAR-HORSE.

AT this season of the year Cabinet Ministers and great statesmen find themselves in the strangest positions, and astride on all kinds of unruly hobbyhorses, which do not belong to them, and which they have never been accustomed to ride. They take their seats with resignation and melancholy forebodings. Lord Palmerston can sit anything; and his equestrian performances upon all kinds of steeds, theological, local, philanthropic, and educational, require no comment. Mr. Disraeli's wild performance on the back of the Church of England we chronicled last week. The Bounding Brother of the Caucasus—if we may call him so without irreverence—on that occasion vindicated his title to be considered one of the boldest riders of the kind that has been seen for many years in that very stiff country. He has, however, his rival. The very next week it becomes the privilege of Mr. Gladstone to appear upon the stage—and to take his turn with the rest at mounting the hobbyhorse which is presented to him. Fortune plays us sometimes the very scurviest tricks. It was all very well to give Mr. Disraeli the spiritual prospects of the Church. Mr. Disraeli has rather a turn that way, and has ever since his youth been accustomed to discourse about religion and Christianity in a tone of devotion and fervour which is not more creditable to his heart than to his head. But it was too bad to impose on Mr. Gladstone the serio-comic task of proposing the health of the army, the navy, and the volunteers. Nothing probably could ever have persuaded the serious-minded Chancellor of the Exchequer to descend on so military a theme, had it not been the occasion. If ever Mr. Gladstone was let in for a thing of the kind, we all knew it would be in all probability at a school feast. We could well imagine the member for the University of Oxford taken down to a bazaar or an infant festival, together with a train of pious duchesses, under the safe and epicene convoy of the vicars and curates of the neighbourhood, and suddenly called upon to bless the colours of some troop of village Volunteers. The presentiments of Mr. Gladstone's friends were not at fault. Fate had doomed him, by way of a palinode, to repeat the praises of the army and the navy. The prudent goddess well knew that it never could be brought about

except under the pretext of a social and philanthropic gathering. Last Tuesday the Volunteers of St. Martin's parish had a merry-making. The prizes won by the members of the corps were to be presented to them by the vicar of the parish, with a neat and appropriate speech. Thither came also Mr. Gladstone, in his capacity of parishioner. A delicate rose-colour is imparted to the proceedings by the announcement that the day chosen for the ceremony was the day sacred—O Beate Martine!—to St. Martin, the patron saint of the parish!

If the spirit of that illustrious saint still hovers over the parish which is consecrated to his memory, he must have been touched by the signal proof given by Mr. Gladstone of his devotion to one of the oldest saints of the calendar. For the sake of a saint it is, perhaps, easy to make these sacrifices; but we must not underrate the sacrifice that was made. Mr. Gladstone is not exactly an enthusiast upon these subjects. His position and his turn of mind lead him to view these great institutions, partly, no doubt, from a highly philanthropic but also from a highly financial point of view. His political dictionary—somewhat like the famous dictionary of Gigli of Sienna—probably sums up all that has to be said upon the question, with some emphatic reference, such as "Army, and Navy, *vide Taxes*," "*Taxes, vide Army and Navy*." Whether it is that he has caught a martial spirit from Lord Palmerston's society, or whether it is that—seeing other statesmen disporting themselves on uncongenial themes—he has determined to cut them out; one thing is certain, that he proposed the army and navy of his country, last Tuesday, in a neat and appropriate speech, and coupled his remarks with a panegyric on the Volunteers themselves.

The truth is that the voice of the nation has been too strong for Mr. Gladstone on the subject of national insecurity. Mr. Bright still holds on to his own cause; but the other believers are dropping off, and he soon will be left a solitary prophet. The Conservatives, as a body, and Lord Palmerston, chief of all among the so-called Liberals, have made it impossible for any politician who aspires to office to run counter to the public feeling. *Omnes eodem cogimur*. Nobody has a chance who does not perform his orisons duly at the altar of the volunteers, the navy, and national fortifications. Disliking war and the adjuncts of war with a sincerity of conviction that it is impossible to question, Mr. Gladstone has ceased to attempt to back water while the rest of the Ministerial boat are pulling gaily and merrily down the stream. His remonstrances in the House of Commons are becoming fewer and more faint. The cry for reduction of expenditure is less often heard upon his lips. He probably has come to the conclusion that the rest of mankind are maniacs, and that it is as well to be prepared to be a maniac too. But, though he has followed in the track of his contemporaries, a reference to his speech of Tuesday will show that he has followed in a sober and a cautious spirit. Mr. Gladstone upon the Volunteers is not Lord Palmerston upon the Volunteers. It is necessary to state that he is, on the other hand, neither so enthusiastic, nor so high-minded, nor does he take so magnificent a bird's-eye view of the future, nor speak in so deep a tone of philosophical patriotism as that which always astonishes and delights us upon the lips of Mr. Disraeli.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer worshipped, on Tuesday evening all that was military, but a careful reader may observe that he did so with a mental reservation. He does not think the Volunteers necessary on account of the state of Europe, though he admits the social and political advantage of a movement so orderly, and on the whole so well sustained. It is the same when he comes to deal with the army. Lord Palmerston views the army as a means, sooner or later, of beating the French. Mr. Gladstone admires it on very different grounds. The English army have never been an instrument of tyranny, nor have they ever fought against their fellow-citizens. This is the only country in Europe in which these eulogies can be pronounced; and this is the reason, and a very noble and sound one—for which Mr. Gladstone praises them. Orator as he is—the "popular fibre," as it is called, is wanting in Mr. Gladstone; but he has a "fibre" which is more the mark of a cultivated mind—a sympathy with civilization and humanity. He is less of a patriot than a cosmopolite. He can sympathize with distress in Lancashire, as he did with the prisoners in a Neapolitan dungeon, and as he sympathizes with everything that indicates the growth of trade, and of industry throughout the world. But with a popular movement as such he has little fellow-feeling. He admires pocket-boroughs; he admires a virtuous aristocracy, and he does not feel inclined to agitate either in favour of the Ballot or Reform. In reality he is destined, from his natural disposition, to be a humane and able statesman, and an eminent thinker. But one thing he never will be, and that is a great party leader.

For many reasons this is to be regretted. When Lord Palmerston retires from the stage, a break-up and reconstitution of the Liberal party is sure to follow. If Mr. Gladstone had fewer faults, or even if he had only fewer virtues, he might play a great part upon the occasion. By common consent he is recognized as the fit representative of the literary and educated classes. He might do much to destroy the anti-progressive spirit which is setting in among them,



and convert semi-Liberal antipathies into real Liberal sympathies. It might be, under other circumstances, for him to bridge over the interval that at present separates the Manchester party from those whose education and habits of mind at present lead them to view Manchester politics with dislike, and with a kind of well-bred disdain. There is no man to do this besides himself. Mr. Gladstone will never, in all likelihood, rise to a conception of his opportunities. To the last he will remain neutral between the two hostile camps. It is a great pity that it should be so. It is a feeble consolation to be told that he will remain to the last an ingenious and sound financier, and an orator whose province is to charm and to convince, but not to fire his countrymen.

#### WHOSE IS MR. WHITWORTH'S GUN?

THE country is to be congratulated on the important achievements in artillery which have been effected during the last year. Guns are once more in the ascendant, and the believers in iron-plates have reason to be proportionately downcast. The experiments of last Thursday are not certainly final, and the best artillerymen agree that finality is as unphilosophical a term when applied to cannon as it is with regard to all other sciences. The only people who can complain of want of finality are those who pay taxes, and the public has made up its mind not to consider money ill spent which is spent upon investigating the powers of guns and of projectiles. We should congratulate Mr. Whitworth himself more heartily on the results achieved by the gun built for him on Sir William Armstrong's principle and rifled on his own, had he not shown, in his recent letters in the *Times*, a desire to monopolize the whole credit of the weapon. It seems that the mouth of his rival, Sir William Armstrong, is closed upon the subject; but that is no reason why justice should not be done to him. The gun which distinguished itself the day before yesterday is nothing more or less than an Armstrong gun, constructed at Woolwich, with coils, and rifled by Mr. Whitworth. This fact the latter gentleman has attempted to extenuate and explain away, if not altogether to conceal. It would be disagreeable to see anything like personality creep into a correspondence between two such eminent scientific men; and it would be still more to be regretted if symptoms of a disposition to appropriate one another's laurels should show themselves in the course of what should be an honourable rivalry.

Mr. Whitworth's disclaimer of all obligation to Sir William Armstrong must have taken a good many by surprise. We ourselves had considered the respective claims of the two inventors to a share in the last combination—which might be called the Armstrong-Whitworth gun—tolerably settled. Sir William Armstrong, as we thought, had made the gun and his rival had rifled it. Both deserve praise, and nobody but a partizan would wish to detract from the fair fame of either. In his first letter, Mr. Whitworth certainly implied that he had only used so much of the coil system as he had a clear right to use; and, secondly, that the coil system itself did not of right belong to Sir William Armstrong. He has suggested, subsequently, that a certain inner tube in his new gun is made upon a plan of his own—which may be distinguished from that on which the Armstrong inner tube is built; and in his last note he distinctly avers that his gun was made according to drawings supplied by himself to Mr. Anderson, who is at the head of the Armstrong-gun department at the Royal Gun Factory at Woolwich.

We have not the faintest wish to exalt Sir William Armstrong at the expense of Mr. Whitworth; but after some examination we are of opinion that Mr. Whitworth's assertions cannot be supported; and that he has exposed himself to a serious suspicion, if not of a *suppressio veri*, at least of an ungenerous attempt to overpaint his own part in the performance. The truth, as we have reason to know, is this. Mr. Whitworth in the first instance forwarded a drawing of a proposed coil-gun to Mr. Anderson, a gentleman, owing to whose ability in a great measure the Woolwich gun factory has been placed on its present footing. Mr. Anderson returned the papers, intimating that there were serious difficulties in the way of building a gun of the kind; and forwarding a new and improved drawing of his own, in which the Woolwich system was embodied; requesting at the same time that Mr. Whitworth, if he approved of the proposed design, would sign it and return it. The design of Mr. Anderson was signed by Mr. Whitworth and returned accordingly to the author, who, we believe, was given *carte blanche* by Mr. Whitworth in the matter. The gun was made, not as Mr. Whitworth writes, "to drawings supplied by me," but "to drawings supplied" to him by the officers of the Armstrong gun department. Both of the "drawings" to which we have alluded are no doubt still extant. We presume the correspondence between Mr. Whitworth and the gun factory is extant too; and a production of the originals will at once show whether the statement of Mr. Whitworth or our counter-statement is correct.

Lest it should be thought that we are doing Mr. Whitworth injustice, we beg to refer him and our readers to some very important evidence, as to the use he has made of the coil system, given last July by General St. George, C.B., and Colonel Lefroy, the president

and secretary of the Ordnance Committee, before a Select Committee of the House of Commons. The authority of any evidence these able and impartial officers have given on such a subject, even Mr. Whitworth will not venture to dispute, nor indeed was any attempt made to shake it at the time. It refers to the now well-known seven-inch gun, to which Mr. Whitworth has given his name:—

*Evidence of Colonel Lefroy (p. 16).*

334. By Sir John Hay: Was the Whitworth gun that you have described as being 67 cwt. heavier than the Armstrong gun, made on the Armstrong coil principle?

Colonel Lefroy: Yes.

336. But the Armstrong coil principle is adopted by other makers for the purpose of strengthening their guns, is it not?

Colonel Lefroy: I do not know of any other instance.

*Evidence of General St. George (p. 136).*

2801. By Mr. Baring: You said just now, that when it came to standing large charges of powder, Mr. Whitworth has had his gun made on Sir William Armstrong's principle in the Royal gun factory?

General St. George: Mr. Whitworth first made his gun, using what he called homogeneous iron, and finding that that did not answer for large guns, he has now had them made on the coil principle in the Royal gun factory.

2804. By Mr. Laird: With reference to the gun which is now making at Woolwich upon Sir William Armstrong's principle for Mr. Whitworth, how is that being made?

General St. George: It is being made on the coil principle of Sir William Armstrong.

2805. Is that the one which he took out a patent for?

General St. George: Yes—Sir William Armstrong patented it.—*Blue Book*, 25th July, 1862.

According to General St. George and Colonel Lefroy, it is as we had thought. Mr. Whitworth, however, draws a distinction between the make of the Armstrong gun and his own, which we are bound to say does not appear to us worthy of himself. He tells us, that if Sir William Armstrong will state in what Mr. Whitworth is indebted to him, he will be glad to acknowledge his obligations. Sir William—he continues—"probably supposes that my inner tube, like that of his gun, is made of welded coiled bars. This is not the case: it is formed of a solid bar, bored out—a construction of which, I believe, he does not approve." If words mean anything, Mr. Whitworth here implies—though he is careful not to assert—that the "solid bar" is an invention or addition of his own. It would have been more candid to have stated openly, that though Sir William Armstrong now disapproves of the "solid bar," it is not on that account less the property of Sir William Armstrong. Till lately, the large Woolwich guns all had it. Recently, it has been discarded for a newer pattern. This proves, not that Mr. Whitworth has not borrowed, but merely that he has chosen to abstain from borrowing from the "last thing out."

Into the vexed question of originality of ideas we do not care to enter. The "coil" system was certainly introduced by the then Mr. Armstrong, at a time when it was a novelty to the public; the nearest approach to it being the inferior, though somewhat ingenious, "hoop" system belonging to Captain Blakeley. Whether in all past time the idea ever occurred to anybody else is a problem which is probably insoluble. The idea of coils of iron, like many other happy ideas, seems so simple, now that it has been thought of, that it is easy to suggest that it must have been struck out before; though, as a matter of fact, we rather fancy no one had ever dreamt of applying it to cannon, the mechanical difficulties of forging and welding being seemingly insurmountable. It was reserved for Sir William Armstrong to surmount them, if we are wrong even in supposing that he originated the idea altogether. The merit belongs, in these mechanical discoveries, to those who can use them, not merely to those who can imagine them. It is interesting to know that the very polygonal system of rifling to which Mr. Whitworth has given such prominence is not his own, but sprang in all probability from the fertile genius of Brunel. Even Mr. Brunel was frustrated in the conception. At Woolwich may be seen a very ancient rifle of the seventeenth century constructed and rifled on the polygonal plan. At all events, many years ago Mr. Brunel had a gun made for him by Mr. Westley Richards, and rifled polygonally. When Mr. Whitworth set up his rifle gallery at Manchester for the Government experiments with small arms, Mr. Brunel lent him the rifle to be tried against the rest. Mr. Whitworth, we believe, afterwards adopted it, and applied the polygonal system with success to cannon. This does not diminish his credit for industry and genius. Mr. Whitworth would think it rather strange if Sir William Armstrong adopted the Whitworth groove, and justified himself on the ground that it had in the first instance been suggested by Mr. Brunel. It is unscientific and undesirable to enter on such trivialities. The labourer, far more than the mere dreamer, is worthy of his hire; and it would not detract from the merit of either Sir William or Mr. Whitworth, should it turn out that they have not been the sole proprietors of their own luminous designs. We need hardly say that we have no bias in favour of any gun above another. Let the best gun win. There is, it seems, to be a formal trial. We do not propose to anticipate its result; but it is only common sense to acknowledge that even if



would have to settle the conditions of peace. Whether this would be a just or expedient measure may be doubted; but at all events it would have the advantage, that it would produce the only justifiable object of mediation—Peace. But an armistice after the French idea would have no tendency to result in peace. It would be only giving the combatants their wind for a final bout. Would the question of boundary be a bit nearer its solution when the six months' truce had expired? Would the South be willing to take less, or the North to yield more? Would the question of the territories be resolved? How would the partition of the territories be decided? What conclusion would be arrived at as to the distribution of the debt? These are all questions on which the pretensions of either side would be wholly irreconcilable, and if the parties are to be left to themselves, can be reached only by the sword.

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#### MR. GLADSTONE ON A WAR-HORSE.

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except under the pretext of a social and philanthropic gathering. Last Tuesday the Volunteers of St. Martin's parish had a merry-making. The prizes won by the members of the corps were to be presented to them by the vicar of the parish, with a neat and appropriate speech. Thither came also Mr. Gladstone, in his capacity of parishioner. A delicate rose-colour is imparted to the proceedings by the announcement that the day chosen for the ceremony was the day sacred—O Beate Martine!—to St. Martin, the patron saint of the parish!

If the spirit of that illustrious saint still hovers over the parish which is consecrated to his memory, he must have been touched by the signal proof given by Mr. Gladstone of his devotion to one of the oldest saints of the calendar. For the sake of a saint it is, perhaps, easy to make these sacrifices; but we must not underrate the sacrifice that was made. Mr. Gladstone is not exactly an enthusiast upon these subjects. His position and his turn of mind lead him to view these great institutions, partly, no doubt, from a highly philanthropic but also from a highly financial point of view. His political dictionary—somewhat like the famous dictionary of Gigli of Sienna—probably sums up all that has to be said upon the question, with some emphatic reference, such as "Army, and Navy, *vide Taxes*," "*Taxes, vide Army and Navy*." Whether it is that he has caught a martial spirit from Lord Palmerston's society, or whether it is that—seeing other statesmen disporting themselves on uncongenial themes—he has determined to cut them out; one thing is certain, that he proposed the army and navy of his country, last Tuesday, in a neat and appropriate speech, and coupled his remarks with a panegyric on the Volunteers themselves.

The truth is that the voice of the nation has been too strong for Mr. Gladstone on the subject of national insecurity. Mr. Bright still holds on to his own cause; but the other believers are dropping off, and he soon will be left a solitary prophet. The Conservatives, as a body, and Lord Palmerston, chief of all among the so-called Liberals, have made it impossible for any politician who aspires to office to run counter to the public feeling. *Omnes eodem cogimur*. Nobody has a chance who does not perform his orisons duly at the altar of the volunteers, the navy, and national fortifications. Disliking war and the adjuncts of war with a sincerity of conviction that it is impossible to question, Mr. Gladstone has ceased to attempt to back water while the rest of the Ministerial boat are pulling gaily and merrily down the stream. His remonstrances in the House of Commons are becoming fewer and more faint. The cry for reduction of expenditure is less often heard upon his lips. He probably has come to the conclusion that the rest of mankind are maniacs, and that it is as well to be prepared to be a maniac too. But, though he has followed in the track of his contemporaries, a reference to his speech of Tuesday will show that he has followed in a sober and a cautious spirit. Mr. Gladstone upon the Volunteers is not Lord Palmerston upon the Volunteers. It is necessary to state that he is, on the other hand, neither so enthusiastic, nor so high-minded, nor does he take so magnificent a bird's-eye view of the future, nor speak in so deep a tone of philosophical patriotism as that which always astonishes and delights us upon the lips of Mr. Disraeli.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer worshipped, on Tuesday evening all that was military, but a careful reader may observe that he did so with a mental reservation. He does not think the Volunteers necessary on account of the state of Europe, though he admits the social and political advantage of a movement so orderly, and on the whole so well sustained. It is the same when he comes to deal with the army. Lord Palmerston views the army as a means, sooner or later, of beating the French. Mr. Gladstone admires it on very different grounds. The English army have never been an instrument of tyranny, nor have they ever fought against their fellow-citizens. This is the only country in Europe in which these eulogies can be pronounced; and this is the reason, and a very noble and sound one—for which Mr. Gladstone praises them. Orator as he is—the "popular fibre," as it is called, is wanting in Mr. Gladstone; but he has a "fibre" which is more the mark of a cultivated mind—a sympathy with civilization and humanity. He is less of a patriot than a cosmopolite. He can sympathize with distress in Lancashire, as he did with the prisoners in a Neapolitan dungeon, and as he sympathizes with everything that indicates the growth of trade, and of industry throughout the world. But with a popular movement as such he has little fellow-feeling. He admires pocket-boroughs; he admires a virtuous aristocracy, and he does not feel inclined to agitate either in favour of the Ballot or Reform. In reality he is destined, from his natural disposition, to be a humane and able statesman, and an eminent thinker. But one thing he never will be, and that is a great party leader.

For many reasons this is to be regretted. When Lord Palmerston retires from the stage, a break-up and reconstitution of the Liberal party is sure to follow. If Mr. Gladstone had fewer faults, or even if he had only fewer virtues, he might play a great part upon the occasion. By common consent he is recognized as the fit representative of the literary and educated classes. He might do much to destroy the anti-progressive spirit which is setting in among them,



and convert semi-Liberal antipathies into real Liberal sympathies. It might be, under other circumstances, for him to bridge over the interval that at present separates the Manchester party from those whose education and habits of mind at present lead them to view Manchester politics with dislike, and with a kind of well-bred disdain. There is no man to do this besides himself. Mr. Gladstone will never, in all likelihood, rise to a conception of his opportunities. To the last he will remain neutral between the two hostile camps. It is a great pity that it should be so. It is a feeble consolation to be told that he will remain to the last an ingenious and sound financier, and an orator whose province is to charm and to convince, but not to fire his countrymen.

#### WHOSE IS MR. WHITWORTH'S GUN?

THE country is to be congratulated on the important achievements in artillery which have been effected during the last year. Guns are once more in the ascendant, and the believers in iron-plates have reason to be proportionately downcast. The experiments of last Thursday are not certainly final, and the best artillerymen agree that finality is as unphilosophical a term when applied to cannon as it is with regard to all other sciences. The only people who can complain of want of finality are those who pay taxes, and the public has made up its mind not to consider money ill spent which is spent upon investigating the powers of guns and of projectiles. We should congratulate Mr. Whitworth himself more heartily on the results achieved by the gun built for him on Sir William Armstrong's principle and rifled on his own, had he not shown, in his recent letters in the *Times*, a desire to monopolize the whole credit of the weapon. It seems that the mouth of his rival, Sir William Armstrong, is closed upon the subject; but that is no reason why justice should not be done to him. The gun which distinguished itself the day before yesterday is nothing more or less than an Armstrong gun, constructed at Woolwich, with coils, and rifled by Mr. Whitworth. This fact the latter gentleman has attempted to extenuate and explain away, if not altogether to conceal. It would be disagreeable to see anything like personality creep into a correspondence between two such eminent scientific men; and it would be still more to be regretted if symptoms of a disposition to appropriate one another's laurels should show themselves in the course of what should be an honourable rivalry.

Mr. Whitworth's disclaimer of all obligation to Sir William Armstrong must have taken a good many by surprise. We ourselves had considered the respective claims of the two inventors to a share in the last combination—which might be called the Armstrong-Whitworth gun—tolerably settled. Sir William Armstrong, as we thought, had made the gun and his rival had rifled it. Both deserve praise, and nobody but a partizan would wish to detract from the fair fame of either. In his first letter, Mr. Whitworth certainly implied that he had only used so much of the coil system as he had a clear right to use; and, secondly, that the coil system itself did not of right belong to Sir William Armstrong. He has suggested, subsequently, that a certain inner tube in his new gun is made upon a plan of his own—which may be distinguished from that on which the Armstrong inner tube is built; and in his last note he distinctly avers that his gun was made according to drawings supplied by himself to Mr. Anderson, who is at the head of the Armstrong-gun department at the Royal Gun Factory at Woolwich.

We have not the faintest wish to exalt Sir William Armstrong at the expense of Mr. Whitworth; but after some examination we are of opinion that Mr. Whitworth's assertions cannot be supported; and that he has exposed himself to a serious suspicion, if not of a *suppressio veri*, at least of an ungenerous attempt to overpaint his own part in the performance. The truth, as we have reason to know, is this. Mr. Whitworth in the first instance forwarded a drawing of a proposed coil-gun to Mr. Anderson, a gentleman, owing to whose ability in a great measure the Woolwich gun factory has been placed on its present footing. Mr. Anderson returned the papers, intimating that there were serious difficulties in the way of building a gun of the kind; and forwarding a new and improved drawing of his own, in which the Woolwich system was embodied; requesting at the same time that Mr. Whitworth, if he approved of the proposed design, would sign it and return it. The design of Mr. Anderson was signed by Mr. Whitworth and returned accordingly to the author, who, we believe, was given *carte blanche* by Mr. Whitworth in the matter. The gun was made, not as Mr. Whitworth writes, "to drawings supplied by me," but "to drawings supplied" to him by the officers of the Armstrong gun department. Both of the "drawings" to which we have alluded are no doubt still extant. We presume the correspondence between Mr. Whitworth and the gun factory is extant too; and a production of the originals will at once show whether the statement of Mr. Whitworth or our counter-statement is correct.

Lest it should be thought that we are doing Mr. Whitworth injustice, we beg to refer him and our readers to some very important evidence, as to the use he has made of the coil system, given last July by General St. George, C.B., and Colonel Lefroy, the president

and secretary of the Ordnance Committee, before a Select Committee of the House of Commons. The authority of any evidence these able and impartial officers have given on such a subject, even Mr. Whitworth will not venture to dispute, nor indeed was any attempt made to shake it at the time. It refers to the now well-known seven-inch gun, to which Mr. Whitworth has given his name:—

*Evidence of Colonel Lefroy (p. 16).*

334. By Sir John Hay: Was the Whitworth gun that you have described as being 67 cwt. heavier than the Armstrong gun, made on the Armstrong coil principle?

Colonel Lefroy: Yes.

336. But the Armstrong coil principle is adopted by other makers for the purpose of strengthening their guns, is it not?

Colonel Lefroy: I do not know of any other instance.

*Evidence of General St. George (p. 136).*

2801. By Mr. Baring: You said just now, that when it came to standing large charges of powder, Mr. Whitworth has had his gun made on Sir William Armstrong's principle in the Royal gun factory?

General St. George: Mr. Whitworth first made his gun, using what he called homogeneous iron, and finding that that did not answer for large guns, he has now had them made on the coil principle in the Royal gun factory.

2804. By Mr. Laird: With reference to the gun which is now making at Woolwich upon Sir William Armstrong's principle for Mr. Whitworth, how is that being made?

General St. George: It is being made on the coil principle of Sir William Armstrong.

2805. Is that the one which he took out a patent for?

General St. George: Yes—Sir William Armstrong patented it.—*Blue Book*, 25th July, 1862.

According to General St. George and Colonel Lefroy, it is as we had thought. Mr. Whitworth, however, draws a distinction between the make of the Armstrong gun and his own, which we are bound to say does not appear to us worthy of himself. He tells us, that if Sir William Armstrong will state in what Mr. Whitworth is indebted to him, he will be glad to acknowledge his obligations. Sir William—he continues—"probably supposes that my inner tube, like that of his gun, is made of welded coiled bars. This is not the case: it is formed of a solid bar, bored out—a construction of which, I believe, he does not approve." If words mean anything, Mr. Whitworth here implies—though he is careful not to assert—that the "solid bar" is an invention or addition of his own. It would have been more candid to have stated openly, that though Sir William Armstrong now disapproves of the "solid bar," it is not on that account less the property of Sir William Armstrong. Till lately, the large Woolwich guns all had it. Recently, it has been discarded for a newer pattern. This proves, not that Mr. Whitworth has not borrowed, but merely that he has chosen to abstain from borrowing from the "last thing out."

Into the vexed question of originality of ideas we do not care to enter. The "coil" system was certainly introduced by the then Mr. Armstrong, at a time when it was a novelty to the public; the nearest approach to it being the inferior, though somewhat ingenious, "hoop" system belonging to Captain Blakeley. Whether in all past time the idea ever occurred to anybody else is a problem which is probably insoluble. The idea of coils of iron, like many other happy ideas, seems so simple, now that it has been thought of, that it is easy to suggest that it must have been struck out before; though, as a matter of fact, we rather fancy no one had ever dreamt of applying it to cannon, the mechanical difficulties of forging and welding being seemingly insurmountable. It was reserved for Sir William Armstrong to surmount them, if we are wrong even in supposing that he originated the idea altogether. The merit belongs, in these mechanical discoveries, to those who can use them, not merely to those who can imagine them. It is interesting to know that the very polygonal system of rifling to which Mr. Whitworth has given such prominence is not his own, but sprang in all probability from the fertile genius of Brunel. Even Mr. Brunel was frustrated in the conception. At Woolwich may be seen a very ancient rifle of the seventeenth century constructed and rifled on the polygonal plan. At all events, many years ago Mr. Brunel had a gun made for him by Mr. Westley Richards, and rifled polygonally. When Mr. Whitworth set up his rifle gallery at Manchester for the Government experiments with small arms, Mr. Brunel lent him the rifle to be tried against the rest. Mr. Whitworth, we believe, afterwards adopted it, and applied the polygonal system with success to cannon. This does not diminish his credit for industry and genius. Mr. Whitworth would think it rather strange if Sir William Armstrong adopted the Whitworth groove, and justified himself on the ground that it had in the first instance been suggested by Mr. Brunel. It is unscientific and undesirable to enter on such trivialities. The labourer, far more than the mere dreamer, is worthy of his hire; and it would not detract from the merit of either Sir William or Mr. Whitworth, should it turn out that they have not been the sole proprietors of their own luminous designs. We need hardly say that we have no bias in favour of any gun above another. Let the best gun win. There is, it seems, to be a formal trial. We do not propose to anticipate its result; but it is only common sense to acknowledge that even if



Mr. Whitworth's latest guns are better than all others, a large portion of the praise is due to the author of the coil system. In fact, we believe the coil system is henceforward a necessity for all heavy ordnance; at all events for many years to come.

#### GAROTTING AND ITS PROMOTERS.

IF Englishmen were not remarkable among all nations of the earth for never going to the root of the evils they suffer under, their periods of endurance would be incalculably shorter than they are. Most social mischiefs—indeed, most effects of all sorts—have two causes: the *causæ causantes* and the *causæ sine quâ non*; the former being usually the occasions and the instruments only, and the latter being the true operating and producing influences. In the case which we have now before us—the case of the nightly outrages which disgrace our streets and terrify our peaceful citizens—the garotting ruffians are the *causæ causantes*, Sir George Grey and Sir Joshua Jebb are the *veræ causæ*—the *causæ sine quâ non*. They do not indeed garotte themselves—at least we have not yet heard of their doing so; but they send out others to garotte. They make garotting easy; they secure to London society a plentiful and ever fresh supply of garotters; and they do this either with their eyes open, or with their eyes wilfully shut. Some people are disposed to include Sir Richard Mayne in the list of offenders; but we think this is unjust. Sir Richard does his best to watch the ruffians, and to prevent the outrages; and he will, we have no doubt, succeed in capturing some of the assailants. But what can even his energy and vigilance do against the numbers whom the Home Secretary and his adviser, the Director of Convict Prisons, and the law and practice for which these two men are mainly if not solely responsible, persist in yearly letting loose on his preserves? It is impossible not to regret that the gushing gratitude which the worst class of convicts must feel towards their liberators, should have hitherto induced them to accord to those two gentlemen a shameful and partial immunity from their attentions. When Sir George Grey and Sir Joshua Jebb have been themselves garotted, we shall be able to sleep soundly, and to walk about safely; till then we have no prospect of doing either.

We have no wish to make assertions which any one is likely to dispute, and we do not care to affect precise accuracy as to figures which are varying from year to year. But it is undeniable that nearly all the highway robberies with violence (to say nothing of other outrages), which are now so scandalizing and alarming the London public, are committed by liberated convicts who were imprisoned for heinous crimes, and who are known to belong to the class of permanent criminals. It is also certain that at least a thousand of these ruffians are turned loose upon us every year, either before or after they have endured that term of penal servitude which the judge who tried them allotted to their crime. Whether they had or had not been confined for the whole of that period; whether they were liberated convicts or men out on licence—technically, *expirees* or “ticket-of-leave” men—matters very little. It is a pure affair of dates. The liberated garotter of 1862 is either an *expiree* who was sentenced in 1855, or a “ticket-of-leave” man who was sentenced in 1857. If he was condemned to seven years' penal servitude for an atrocious offence some time back, it does not practically signify a straw whether he was kept for the whole seven years, or was let out at the end of five. In the latter case he begins (or re-begins) to garotte in 1862, in the latter case in 1864. As seven years' punishment does not reform or intimidate a man who was neither reformed nor intimidated by five years' punishment (and no one fancies or argues that it does), the only difference that could result from abolishing the licensing system (leaving all else untouched), would be that the garotters of 1862 would be a different set of individuals, just as numerous, just as vicious, just as brutal, but bearing different names, and having graduated a few months later.

The obvious truth is that none of these men ought to be liberated without the closest subsequent supervision, and most of them never ought to be liberated at all. The licences delivered to the ticket-of-leave men bear, indorsed upon them, that they will be revoked in case the holder in any way misconducts himself, or leads a life which gives reason to believe that he is relapsing into bad ways, even though no particular offence can be brought home to him. These licences never are revoked, except upon committal for a fresh crime, in which case the word revocation is a misnomer. The man is known to have been a great criminal, an habitual prey upon the community. He is not known to have reformed, to have adopted an honest calling, to be in receipt of an adequate maintenance. But still he is left at large; the police seldom watch him, and never warn him; he is under no necessity of periodically reporting himself and proving his industry and good behaviour. So far as the authorities are concerned, he is a white-washed and unfettered man. In England, at least, this is so. In Ireland, the case and the results are very different. But England will not listen to the Irish system.

There is more, however. Very few of these men ought to be liberated at all, or till after long years of probation, and after having

been subjected to a very different treatment from that at present in vogue. And for this defect in the system—to which nearly all our present outrages are distinctly traceable—the Home Secretary and his official subordinate are almost exclusively responsible. Years ago, time after time, by the most experienced magistrates and governors and jurists, plans have been laid before Sir George Grey, based upon facts and principles to which it seemed impossible to take exception, which would have secured the safe custody of all these ruffians till they ceased to be dangerous. It has been shown that in the great majority of instances these convicts belong to the class of criminals; that they live by preying upon and outraging society, and, indeed, practically can (after they once enter that class) live in no other way; that however trifling the offence which brings them for the second or third time before the bar of justice, their whole career is one of crime and depredation of the darkest dye; and that only in the rarest instances does a prison life (as now organized) either disgust them with the ways of crime, or open to them the ways of innocence. It has been shown, *usque ad nauseam*—and pretty fully and recently, too, in these columns among others—that to sentence these habitual and professional criminals to short terms of imprisonment, or even of penal servitude, is to secure their recurrence to evil courses as soon as they are free again; that to sentence them to definite terms is neither to protect society nor to apportion punishment to guilt; that the only sound principle, and the irrefragably sound principle, on which to deal with such offenders, is to treat them as inveterate foes to the community, who must be kept in confinement so long as the community is in any danger from them; that is, until they are so changed that we feel confident they will, and so well furnished by their own earnings while in gaol that we know they can, live without resorting to their old predatory habits. It was shown that to let any professional malefactors, any *recidives* (as the French call them), any hardened and regular convicts, loose till this end was indisputably attained, and that to let many (who were clearly and proveably incorrigible) loose at all, was knowingly and wilfully to untie the hands of ruffians, who it was quite certain would, and who it was almost inevitable must, raise those hands against society in the way of violence or of spoil, as soon as they were liberated; was, in a word, to supply to the community of our crowded cities that army of brutal and vindictive barbarians under whose outrages we are now groaning. All this was made clear to the Home Secretary long years ago, but all was made clear in vain. He could not grasp a principle. He could not face a logical and coherent reform. Till that principle is grasped, till that reform is inaugurated, it is not in the power of any police on earth to protect a community which permits itself to be annually flooded by such a deluge of moral filth and brutal propensity as our convict prisons ceaselessly vomit forth.

#### THE INFANT COLONY OF QUEENSLAND.

THE rapid growth, the vigorous life, the independent and hard-working spirit of our Australian colonies must be regarded by every Englishman with unbounded admiration; and even if Great Britain were convinced that separation was most expedient both for herself and for them, she could not part from them, for very pride, without a deep feeling of regret. The bond between the mother-country and the colony is one of mutual interest, of healthy and humanizing associations; and, in Australia, where the question of expenditure for purposes of defence does not exist, there can at present be no such sense of its irksomeness on either side as should make it seem less a pleasant tie than a galling chain. If, however, any one doubts that advantages are conferred upon a colony by its connection with the mother country, at all events while the colony is young, let him look at the history of Queensland. That history is one of less than three years' standing. On the 5th of December, 1859, Sir George Bowen and Mr. R. G. W. Herbert landed at Brisbane, the first Governor and the first Prime Minister of the infant State, in whose exchequer remained the magnificent balance of £2. 7s. 8d. On the 12th of November, 1862, Mr. Herbert (returned to England for a short visit) is entertained at dinner at Willis's Rooms by a crowd of distinguished admirers, as the successful Minister of a thriving dependency, whose population is increasing at the rate of 1,000 a month, and whose income is £400,000 a year.

Great as are the natural advantages of Queensland, one may well doubt if anything like such prosperity could have been attained in this wonderfully short space of time, had the colonists been left unguided, to remain with or to secede from New South Wales as they pleased, to choose or to import their own minister, to create and to modify their constitution and their organic laws at their own will, and without either check of any kind or any competent advice. Mr. Herbert may be congratulated upon having provided the colonists with just the guidance they needed. It has been his part wisely and temperately to suggest and carry through their most essential laws, and to put their legislation upon the right track, which in future they are pretty sure to follow. The Chairman at the dinner, Sir C. Nicholson, whose twenty-five years' Australian experience makes his opinion on these subjects as valuable as that of any man living,



in proposing Mr. Herbert's health, gave an interesting summary of Queensland history. It has been disputed, it seems, by many persons in New South Wales, whether it is good policy to cut off portions from the old colonies and erect them into new states. But that policy, successful already in the instance of Victoria, has proved still more eminently successful in that of Queensland. "Many patriotic and able men were unwilling to see that beautiful and prosperous territory excised from what they regarded as the parent state. Subsequently, however, they had changed their views, and now they discovered that no part of New Holland had been so benefited by the creation of the colony as New South Wales itself." By that policy "new communities have been attracted to the shores of Australia, new ports have been opened along the seaboard, and new markets created there and in the interior."

Sir G. Bowen and Mr. Herbert on their first arrival had indeed no small difficulties to contend with. Not only was the Exchequer empty, while charges estimated at £80,000 had been already incurred or imposed, and the additional expenditure necessary for roads, public works, &c., would raise the sum required for the year to £153,000, but the whole law relating to land was in a most unsatisfactory state, and needed immediate and thorough change. "The squatter was discontented, because the law left his tenure uncertain and liable to be affected at the caprice of the government, or those who temporarily administered public affairs, and exposed his rights to invasion by the casual applicants for the purchase of his land. Then, too there was a cry that the law tended to lock up the lands and prevent the small cultivator obtaining a freehold." But within a week or two of Mr. Herbert's arrival, "he took the whole mass of legislative materials in hand, and out of its incongruousness prepared a land-bill, which with some modifications had satisfied the squatters, provided large appropriations of land, and met the just expectations of every reasonable person." That this "agrarian" trouble, as perpetually recurring and as fertile of disputes and changes in our other colonies as ever was that same trouble in ancient Rome, has thus in Queensland been set at rest, at once and, one may hope, for ever, in the very first session of the very first parliament, is in itself no mean achievement. Well may Mr. Herbert exclaim, "that the first parliament of Queensland should always be remembered with gratitude for its systematic and persevering attention to business, and correct appreciation of the requirements of the colony." But not less gratitude must surely be due to Mr. Herbert for his wonderful quickness in seizing the essential features of a subject difficult in itself and probably quite new to him, and for his tact in framing and modifying, and carrying through so successful a measure. Every emigrant on his landing is now presented with a land-order worth £18, for which he may obtain 18 acres of land, chosen by himself out of large "reserves" kept for this purpose in the neighbourhood of towns and navigable rivers. At the end of two years he gets an additional order for 12 acres more. Of course immediate cultivation of the lands granted is a condition of the grant. Similar orders will be given for every two children between four and fourteen years old. Thus an emigrant with a wife and six children will at once get five land-orders for 18 acres each, or 90 acres, and in two years' time five more land-orders for 12 acres each, giving him 60 acres more. These liberal gifts of land, with the system of "reserves" and complete freedom of selection, no doubt attract vast numbers to Queensland. The wonder is they do not attract even more emigrants than at present. If the English *prolétaire* once thoroughly realized the fact that he has only to transport his wife and six children to the colony in order to be the owner in two years' time of a farm of 150 acres of good land chosen by himself, surely in a few years his species would become as extinct here as that of the dodo.

But, besides land, Mr. Herbert at once grappled with the no less difficult questions of education and church endowments. The measure on education was characterized by Sir C. Nicholson as a most enlightened and admirable one. The system introduced is a general system, including primary and grammar schools, on the national plan, but admitting of pecuniary help to existing denominational schools. The object was to establish a national system into which the denominational schools might be gradually absorbed. The attainment of this object has, however, been partly prevented hitherto through the strong denominational tendencies and decided opposition of the Bishop of the English Episcopal Church. As regards endowments, these appear to have been entirely abrogated, those already in existence being merely maintained during the lives of the present holders.

Strange, indeed, it seems that a man scarce thirty years of age, having a brilliant university education, indeed, and having served a short time as secretary to Mr. Gladstone, but necessarily with little or no experience of public life, should have dealt, and dealt successfully, with these difficult questions. One may, indeed, sometimes wonder, and justly wonder, at the small amount of wisdom with which the world is governed. But it is not the less true that that humble quality which alone can govern the world well, namely, practical good sense, which administers firmly but temperately, and

which in legislation is always equally ready to guide and to be guided by public opinion, is a quality very rare and very precious. By his good sense, good humour, tact, and conciliation, even without much experience, Mr. Herbert has carried through his measures in the rough arena of a colonial parliament with the same ease with which, a few years back, he carried off prize after prize at Oxford. "I must say," said Sir Charles Nicholson, "that the success Mr. Herbert has achieved is beyond all precedent in my experience." It is impossible not to wish that this great success may continue, and not to look forward to the time when Mr. Herbert's name may become well known, not only in the world of colonial, but also in that of English politics.

Meantime, it is worth while for younger sons, puzzled with the choice of a profession, or at any rate for those of them who have any spirit of enterprise, to think of the advantages of Queensland; a land of rich pasture, of corn, of sugar-cane, and of cotton; "a land," says Mr. Herbert, "where the only question seems to be, whether the capitalist or the labourer stands in the most favourable position." There are at present among us few instances of able and educated men who have turned their thoughts to the colonies as offering the promise of a distinguished and profitable career. It will be well if Mr. Herbert's success should induce others to follow his footsteps. "The colonists," says Mr. Herbert, "prize the bond which unites them to the mother country. They have no idea of parting, and no wish for it. As the connection is likely to continue, it will be well to make the most of it, and that all classes of English society (except thieves and convicts) should be represented in Australia. That part of the education and intelligence, as well as the thews and sinews of Old England, should find its account in emigrating to Australia, will be of undoubted advantage to the colonies, and in the end to Old England herself."

#### FACTION FIGHTS.

THE Irish, it has been said, are distinguished by qualities which make men interesting rather than prosperous; and assuredly the recent Pastoral of the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cashel has drawn aside the veil from a state of society in which the elements of interest are very much more conspicuous than the elements of prosperity. The place from which the archiepiscopal see takes its name is an emblem of the national character. The mournful history of the people, and their long-protracted poverty, are stamped upon the famous rock of Cashel, crowned with its noble ruins, and the squalid little town that lies at its foot. There is not a spot in all Ireland which could tell of wilder work or stormier scenes than the old cathedral ruins, as they look down upon the broad plain of Tipperary; for never was there a time when broken heads were not the richest crop gathered on the soil of that county. The glory of the rock has departed; and one remnant only of a by-gone age still clings to its skirts. Within its view the spirit of faction, that laid waste with fire and sword in the days of the Butlers and Geraldines, and in the old time before them, is still making widows and orphans; and this we have on the authority of a friendly witness. The startling description lately given of the spirit and practices prevailing in a part of the diocese of Cashel, did not come from the libellous pen of a Saxon and a Protestant. It was the sad and serious statement of one of the highest functionaries of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Ireland; and well might he say, "A strange address this, coming from a bishop, to any portion of the flock committed to his care."

The Pastoral is addressed "To those calling themselves the three-year-old and four-year-old factions in the parish of Emly and thereabouts." "And the very name you bear," exclaims the Archbishop, "is sufficiently ridiculous, yet is not half so much so as your feud and its origin, which, if known, would be pronounced by all men of sense as about the silliest that ever gave rise to a quarrel." The origin of the feud is said to have been a dispute about the age of a bull. Whether or not it did arise from this absurd cause there are no means of ascertaining, nor is this knowledge material to any good purpose. The smallest spark is sufficient to blow the largest magazine of gunpowder into the air; and where the spirit of faction has struck deep and spreading roots into the breasts of men, the merest trifle may be the fountain of enmities that will outlive many generations. Two men quarrel (it may be) about the age of a young bull; neither of them recognizes the competency of any tribunal to decide the question, except his own opinion; and so the battle-field is easily shifted from contradictory assertions to blows. With the first blow the ball is set rolling that will not stop for many a long day. The sound made by the heavy descent of a stout stick upon a human skull is the sweetest of music in the ears of an Irishman, and his flesh and blood never could resist it. Chance witnesses of the quarrel between the two original disputants range themselves on either side, and the fray assumes larger proportions. Whatever may be the issue of that first fight, two sets of men carry away with them the bitter root of hatred towards each other, and a burning desire for successful retaliation. All the claims of blood, affinity, and friendship are urged and readily acknowledged, to swell each hostile camp; and when it comes to this the primary cause of the quarrel is



clean forgotten. No man need have an opinion on the age of the bull; it is sufficient if he gives himself out to be a three-year-old or a four-year-old; "and so," in the language of the Pastoral, "what was but a spark of anger between two men soon blazes forth into the flame of faction and gathers strength as it moves onward, and at length becomes a wide-spread conflagration, which destroys the charity, and the peace, and the happiness of an entire neighbourhood." Whenever two or three men of each faction meet, they have but to bite their thumbs at each other, like the followers of the houses of Montague and Capulet, or to trail a coat to each other after the manner of modern Irishmen, and a general *mêlée* is at once improvised, and there is an end to all peaceful occupations. Bitter and vehement are the words of the Archbishop of Cashel when he denounces the nuisance of the faction fights between the three-year-olds and the four-year-olds. Within the circle of their contagion, no market, fair, or gathering for public amusement can long pursue its harmless course, before the air is rent with "savage yells," and the rattle of sticks and stones becomes the signal for the dispersion of all peaceably disposed persons. The very meetings of these Christians at church on Sunday are made the opportunity for a desperate fight in the churchyard. Bad as they are, these hand-to-hand combats are at least open and above-board; but they are not all. If a man belonging to either faction (we quote the Archbishop again) "is seen returning in the evening from market, some of the rival faction hang upon his footsteps, or lie in wait for him in the dark; and then, when he suspects no danger, fall upon him without mercy."

When matters have reached this pitch, it can surprise no one that crimes of murder and manslaughter follow in close succession upon one another. The Archbishop has drawn up, for the edification of his "lambs," an elaborate list of all the deaths and grievous injuries in the last six years, which are distinctly traceable to their ridiculous feud. The catalogue is long and gloomy, though it only covers the space of a few years. Seven lives lost, another barely saved, and an indefinite number of severe fractures have been the fruit of the spirit of faction, in a small neighbourhood, from the year 1856 up to the present time; and others that came unscathed out of the fights have been taken from their homes by the strong hand of the law. The men that yell and brandish the shillelagh are not the only or the chief sufferers. Worse yet remains behind; and the Archbishop has exerted all his eloquence and pathos to paint the scenes of woe and desolation which these faction fights have made in many a cottage home. "Neither shall I forget," he says, "another scene which I once witnessed in a churchyard, when assisting at a funeral. Among the bones and skulls turned up from out of the newly-opened grave, and lying scattered about here and there, one skull was recognized by a female present as that of her brother who had been killed years before by some person of an opposite faction. 'It is his skull,' she cried out frantically, as she grasped it in her hands and kissed it; 'it is my brother's skull—I know it by that mark. Oh! there is where he got the blow.'"

Such a tale of "civil brawls bred by an airy word" carries our imagination back to the streets of Verona, in the days of Romeo and Juliet, or to Corsica and its savage vendetta; it carries us anywhere rather than to a part of the British isles in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Here in England the memory of such things no longer lives even in legends and traditions. If they ever existed, they have utterly vanished and left not a vestige behind them. But it is not in a spirit of Pharisaic self-complacency that we notice a very different state of things across the Irish Channel. No Englishman can be too often reminded that what the Irish now are, we in part have made them. The seeds of the spirit of faction were not, it is true, sown by our hands. Before a Norman conqueror set foot on the Irish shore, the soil had been prepared for a harvest of bloodshed and calamities by the rivalries and feuds of the native clans. But in that dreadful game of retaliation, of which Ireland has been the scene through centuries, and which it cannot even now wholly shake off, we, too, have played with a keen, cruel, and powerful hand. And if it is in the nature of an Irishman to look for the redress of his wrongs rather to the strength of his own right hand than the justice of other men, we certainly, in times past, have done things to foster the tendency. New maxims of policy now prevail, and "Justice to Ireland" is only the cry of seditious demagogues; but the work of centuries is not to be undone in a day. No good, however, to the interests either of England or Ireland can come of bandying recriminations. The Irish papers have lately been replying to the comments of English journals on the prevalence of agrarian crimes in Ireland by an enumeration of English crimes. Especially do they delight to cast in our teeth the cases of secret poisoning which have frightened the public, and the frequency of those hideous offences in which violence, and sometimes murder, go hand-in-hand with the gratification of a brutal lust. From both these classes of crime the Irish claim to be free. The claim, we believe, is just, and so much the better for them and for us all. But surely the time has come when two races,—which nature endowed with qualities so diverse that they might form the

complement, each of the other,—should cease the thankless task of spying out the moles and beams that are in each other's eyes. There is more than enough, we know, of poverty, ignorance, and vice on our side of the channel to employ the thoughts and the labours of all good and enlightened men; but the writers in the Irish newspapers would obey the dictates of a purer and loftier patriotism, if, instead of taunting us with our shame, they would contribute what lies in the power of each of them towards discovering the sources of inveterate Irish crimes, and aiding the greater work of removing them. Setting side by side the two classes of evils under which each country now suffers, theirs is the one, we should say, which is most susceptible of analysis. The crimes which the Irish writers bid us look to, are *sporadic* cases; they crop up here and there, and it is impossible to lay a finger on a particular spot where secret poisonings and outrages on women are likely to prevail. The hidden springs of such actions, whatever they may be, move individuals only, and are therefore too subtle for detection. It is not so with Irish crimes; they are *epidemic*. They are the effects of broad and general causes acting upon bodies of men; and for this reason their source is easier to discover, which is the first step towards putting an end to them.

It is notorious that the state of feeling in Ireland is bad at the present time. A sullen discontent pervades a large part of the population. In the main, probably this comes from a succession of bad seasons; for the Irish are still in that backward state of political education when men attribute whatever losses may flow from the hostility of "the stars in their courses" to the action of the Government under which they live. Another reason has been suggested by Mr. Herman Merivale. He has remarked an ominous coincidence of date between the present dangerous feeling in the Irish population, and the interruption of peaceful emigration from Ireland to America. Whatever may have been the true source of this discontent, it has, as usual, shown itself already in an increase of agrarian crime. Tenants, foreseeing a time approaching when they would no longer be able to pay their rents, have thought to avert impending evictions by a general system of intimidation practised upon the landlords. Here there is another gigantic evil, which all good Irish patriots might jointly labour to eradicate. But to one class above all others does this duty belong, and that is the Catholic clergy in Ireland. The words of Christian peace and charity flow glibly from their lips, but is the spirit of it always in their hearts? We wish "the good Redemptorist Fathers" all success in their mission to the three-year-olds and four-year-olds; but will the Archbishop publish another earnest and eloquent Pastoral against shooting landlords? and will all his episcopal brethren do likewise? By acting thus they would not lose any influence for good upon the Irish peasantry. There would be no danger of driving their flocks into the folds of Protestant heresy; but they would earn the lasting gratitude of all just and liberal men in both countries.

#### MANTRAPS AT MAMHEAD.

IT has been explained to us by numerous correspondents, that the mantrap alleged to have been set in Sir Lydston Newman's preserves at Mamhead, into which Mr. Ten Broeck and several others of Sir Newman's guests so unsuspectingly fell, is by no means a device of modern invention, but that it has been successfully set an hundred times before, and ought properly to be classed with thimble-rigging, ring-dropping, and other ignoble modes of turning a dishonest penny which have long been in vogue amongst the dangerous classes of society.

Such a trap may be baited with any word of which the spelling has been modernized. "Incivil," or "dier," or "referrible," will do quite as well as "raindeer." The art of the trick consists in gently and skilfully raising a question as to the right spelling of the word with which the trap is baited, and in so framing the bets made upon the point, that the flat who is to be pillaged may be induced to bet that the obsolete mode of spelling the word is wrong. That is all; and that is precisely what Colonel Burnaby and Mr. Stewart are said to have done. Mr. Ten Broeck and others are stated to have been induced by them to bet, not that "reindeer" was right, which they would of course have won, but that "raindeer" was wrong, which of course they lose, if they are simple enough to allow themselves to be defrauded by so impudent a dodge. There is not the least occasion to clog the bets with references to any particular dictionary; and there appear to be doubts whether either Colonel Burnaby or Mr. Stewart did so.

It is not our intention to waste our time in attempting to unravel the extraordinary tissue of contradictions and prevarications which has been woven during the last few days by the principals in this matter and their friends. But we will endeavour to show how unjustly Admiral Rous has been dealt with, and how unfounded are the imputations cast on him of being vindictively desirous to persecute innocent and honourable men.

The Reindeer trick was played at a party collected together under Sir Lydston Newman's hospitable roof at Mamhead, on the occasion of Exeter races, at which Admiral Rous was not present. Lord



Portsmouth and several others of the guests attest that the moment the trick was discovered, "a good deal of rather unpleasant discussion ensued,"—which, we fear must mean, in plain English, that the parties who had been duped at once accused Colonel Burnaby and Mr. Stewart of cheating.

A reference being proposed, Admiral Rous, a man of known honour and intelligence, and one of the stewards of the Jockey Club, appears to have been named and readily accepted as referee by all parties. Up to that moment, therefore, it is not pretended that the gallant Admiral could have entertained any ill-will against Colonel Burnaby or Mr. Stewart, or that he was in any other way, physically or morally, considered to be disqualified from doing strict and full justice in the matter. As soon as the Admiral learnt the particulars of the transaction he at once recognized the stale trick which had been played off on Sir Lydston Newman's guests; and, on speaking to Mr. Stewart on the subject, he received from that gentleman, in presence of Mr. and Mrs. Lawley, a frank confession of his guilt. The Admiral's impressions of what transpired at his interview with Mr. Stewart are confirmed by two written statements made by Mr. Lawley, one dated October the 23rd, the other dated October 25th. In the first of these Mr. Lawley writes that "Mr. Stewart owned to having discussed the spelling of the word 'reindeer' with Colonel Burnaby before any betting commenced, and that they made a bubble bet on the subject, prior to any further wagers on the subject;" in the second, Mr. Lawley, although stating that he had changed his opinion of what had occurred at the Admiral's interview with Mr. Stewart, in consequence of what he had subsequently heard from two gentlemen *who were not present at it*, repeats that both he and his wife at the time believed Mr. Stewart to have admitted himself guilty of fraud on that occasion.

Such is the Admiral's case, which is still further reinforced by letters from the Earl of Portsmouth, Sir W. Codrington, and others who were present at the party at Mamhead, and from two gentlemen of the highest standing in society, to whom Mr. Lawley—*under no alleged pressure or intimidation*—distinctly repeated that he had heard Mr. Stewart admit his guilt to Admiral Rous. We will say nothing of the letter from Mr. Stewart to Mr. Lawley, which at one moment Mr. Lawley averred to be of the greatest importance, which, *when he had changed his opinion*, he declined to produce, and which he immediately afterwards destroyed, protesting that it contained nothing which at all bore upon the case in question; although, now that it has been made away with, Mr. Stewart maintains that it was a document most important to his case—that "by it he was prepared to stand or fall," and that its "destruction has been the greatest injury that could possibly have been inflicted on his character."

It was surely not surprising, after all this, that when one of the principals in the Mamhead case was again brought up before Admiral Rous in his capacity of Steward of the Jockey Club, on suspicion of foul play in the Tarragona and Michel Grove match, the Admiral should have expressed his dislike to the man in rather strong language, or that his knowledge of the previous "fishy" affair in which Colonel Burnaby was supposed to have so lately figured, should have induced the Admiral to examine the documents submitted to him by that ingenious officer with microscopic attention.

If Sir Lydston Newman and all the other persons present at the Mamhead party are satisfied that Colonel Burnaby and Mr. Stewart are injured innocents, it is their bounden duty to come forward and say so; and in abstaining from doing so, they, by their silence, become virtually their accusers. The Earl of Portsmouth, who *was* present on that occasion, distinctly states that, had Colonel Burnaby and Mr. Stewart acted at his house as they acted at Sir L. Newman's, they never should enter his doors again—Sir Lydston Newman coldly refrains from giving any opinion at all on the subject; while Mr. Ten Broeck has published his conviction that "with Captain Stewart an investigation would involve a more serious issue than his bets, and that if he chose to commit suicide by courting it, it was Captain Stewart's affair and not his." The other noblemen and gentlemen present—and there were a good many of them—write and say nothing. Are we to infer from their silence that they are willing to stand aloof whilst two honourable and innocent officers are persecuted to death by an insanely vindictive old admiral, or are we rather to conclude, that as they can say nothing in favour of the accused they are unwilling to have their names mixed up in what they appear to believe has been a swindling transaction of the most treacherous and contemptible kind?

Meantime, the "prophetic" portion of the press, led on by "Argus," exasperated at his absurd expulsion from Newmarket-heath, daily proclaim to the public, in letters and leaders of marvellous audacity and weakness, that the Jockey Club is regularly done for; and that the innocent and unfortunate young guardsmen who have been so unjustly victimized by the sea-monster Rous stand higher than they ever did in the estimation of the sporting and the fashionable world—*always excepting that portion of it which formed the party at Mamhead*. Nay, Mr. Newton, Colonel Burnaby's brother-in-law, in Wednesday's *Times*, after bestowing a few words of serious praise

on the manly and straightforward conduct of his friend the Hon. Robert Lawley, goes so far as to assert that it is impossible that Admiral Rous could have heard Mr. Stewart's confession of his guilt at all, because he is stone deaf!

Public opinion, however, is not to be bullied by "inspired" writers of this description; the broad fact remains, that the great majority of the party at Mamhead—noblemen and gentlemen of the highest character—appear to believe that Colonel Burnaby and Mr. Stewart have been guilty of foul play; and surely Admiral Rous, vindictive and stone deaf though he may be, is not responsible for that damning fact. So far as the public is concerned, the truth or falsity of the charges is still *sub judice*. They may be true; they may be false. If we might make a suggestion to those unfortunate gentlemen, it would be that they should, in the present instance, bring an action for libel against some one of the Mamhead party in a court of law, offer themselves for examination in the witness-box, and subject their alleged defamers to the same ordeal. Such a course was adopted with excellent effect to the cause of public morality in the case of the late Lord de Ros, and would, we have little doubt, produce an equally conclusive result in the present instance, whichever way the verdict might be given.

Having said thus much, we are free to confess that we lay down our pen in a state of utter weariness and bewilderment at the mass of contradictory evidence—all emanating from noblemen and gentlemen, which we are called upon to believe "on their words of honour." One friend of Colonel Burnaby describes that officer as so illiterate as to be obliged to travel about with a Johnson's Dictionary in his desk; another informs us that the Colonel displayed at Mamhead such a fund of philological lore as to lead him innocently to inquire whether he had inherited his capacity for correct spelling "from his father's or his mother's side?" believing it impossible that such an amount of learning could have been acquired by simple study; and a third affirms that the Colonel is "a perfect master of ten languages"—which, we presume, includes the faculty of spelling them correctly. Mr. Lawley invites us at one moment to believe that he heard Mr. Stewart confess his guilt, and at another that he heard him do no such thing. He vows that he was intimidated by Admiral Rous in making a false charge in writing against Mr. Stewart, which false charge he is nevertheless proved to have repeated under no intimidation at all to Sir Henry ——— and to the Hon. George ———, apparently for the mere fun of making an accusation of the most damning nature against an intimate friend and a near connection of his wife.

There is really no end to what we are called upon to believe and disbelieve. We can only say that we never heard of the parties implicated in the alleged cheating till they obtruded themselves on our notice, although we have heard a good deal too much about them since. And we should scarcely be surprised if now—at the eleventh hour—the *Morning Post* were suddenly to inform us, on the word of honour of all the parties concerned, that the whole affair had never occurred at all; that the meeting at Mamhead had been held solely for purposes of charity and prayer, and not at all for purposes of gambling; and that the only dispute which had arisen amongst the pious noblemen and gentlemen then and there assembled had originated in their exorbitant excitement against Bishop Colenso's deplorable attack on the Pentateuch, and in their unanimous anxiety to subscribe large sums for the enlargement of the Western Hospital for Diseases of the Chest.

#### "THE REINDEER CONTROVERSY."

WE regret last week to have fallen into an unintentional error in stating that an officer of the name of Burnaby "had been once before turned out of his regiment and restored to it by the interference of the highest military authorities." Whatever Mr. Burnaby it may have been, we should be sorry to do him the slightest injustice. The incident to which we alluded did not result in the dismissal of the officer of that name. The circumstances of the case were somewhat complicated; but those who remember the resignation of that excellent soldier, Sir Ord Honeyman, will recollect also the matters that were under discussion at the time.

#### THE ROMANCE OF THE RAIL.

AN age of railways and an age of romance are generally spoken of as inconsistent and contradictory terms. To all external appearance the poetry of life melts away with the progress of steam and iron, and the Ideal—if we may be excused language worthy of Sir Lytton Bulwer—seems to pine and wither in the rude embraces of the Real. No more, we are told, can we hear the voice of Nature amid the jarring discords with which our civilization teems; no more may the eyes which deal with facts and figures all day long discern the rich outlines once wrought by the magic hand of Fancy. Tityrus has left his beech-tree, and Daphnis his flocks; Amaryllis has little time for flirting left, when she has her work to get through at the factory. So ends, in the shallow conclusion of the vulgar, the reign of romance, and



mystery is mysterious no longer. That we rebel against this verdict, and claim for the very tokens and symbols of progress new powers to add poetry and beauty to existence, is partly the result of a general buoyancy of nature and admiration for the world we live in, and partly the effect of a diligent perusal of the second column of the *Times* Supplement.

Circumstances have lately occurred of considerable importance in the upper ranks of society, the exact nature of which we are unable, for obvious reasons, to make public at present; but which, as soon as they are before the world, will certainly convince any impartial hearers that the romance of the railroad has not entirely died out, and that events may come to pass upon the very high-roads of commerce which are pregnant with momentous issues. We shall not enter into any minute details of the circumstances which have taken place in the case of which we are now speaking, nor shall we hint at the probable end of the drama which is now playing itself out in the very heart of our civilization. The reason for our silence is, in the first place, that it would be eminently unfair to expose the circumstances of private life too openly before the eyes of the public; and, in the second, that we have not the smallest idea of what the circumstances are. But we know this much, that the story, if we only did know it, would be a very interesting one. Somebody is either in great distress, or great joy, or great excitement, about something; and this bitter sorrow, this tumultuous gladness, or this feverish anxiety, arose in consequence of the meeting of a lady and gentleman last summer in a railway carriage. How little could they have thought it! How improbable it must have seemed to those beautiful young creatures, as they sat in the first-class carriage, gazing on the market gardens of Deptford and its vicinity, that consequences so appalling—or felicitous, as the case may be—could ensue in the short space of four months! It may be thought that we are, to some extent, moralizing in the dark. But how, we reply, could it be otherwise, when all the information that we have of this frightful—or joyous—series of events is the following brief advertisement?—

ROYAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE FETE, at the Crystal Palace, in July last. On the last of the two fête days a young gentleman was returning from the Palace in a first-class carriage to London-bridge, and on the train stopping at Forest-hill Station, at 7.30 p.m., a young lady, about 19, and very good looking, took the only vacant seat in the carriage, and began a conversation with the gentleman. If this advertisement should be seen by any of the other four PASSENGERS, who recollect the circumstance, it would be esteemed a great favour if they would COMMUNICATE immediately with Mr. J., solicitor, Gray's-inn.

Some people might be inclined to dwell on the dramatic character of the brief narrative here given,—the bright summer's evening, the first-class carriage of luxury and ease, the beauty of the heroine, against which the pen of the writer is not proof, even though description costs a shilling a line. To us there is more in it than this. It is the prologue to other and greater acts. If we could form the smallest conjecture as to their nature, we should be able to trace directly the overruling hand of destiny, or the righteous working of law. It may have been summer or it may have been winter, but they were not in that first-class carriage for nothing. A master mind can point out the sequence of unerring cause and effect, can trace it link by link from its first trivial origin to its final blissful—or agonizing—conclusion. He can show how the present aspect of this case must infallibly have been different if the antecedent circumstances in July had never taken place—or had taken place in a different way—at least he could do so with tolerable certainty if he had the smallest possible clue to anything that has happened since.

Will the advertisement be successful? Will Mr. J., of Gray's Inn, find any of the four gentlemen of whom he is in search? Every one who can sympathize with youth and beauty will sincerely hope that he may. But if he does, it will be time to expect advertisements to ask the public whether any one remembers to have met, on the 1st of April last year, a gentleman walking down Cheapside, with an umbrella in his hand. Unless Mr. Coventry Patmore happened to be in that particular compartment—and he, we know, counted his past flames in lyric verse with perfect geographical and numerical accuracy,—it is to be feared that there is but a small chance now left. The data are so painfully small. When, as is to be presumed, the beautiful lady and the affable gentleman began the national subject of the weather, was there a difference of opinion that would be likely to fix itself on the memory of the listeners, or some new view started on the temperature of the season, or some exciting details presented on the highness or lowness of the barometer? Did nothing happen, and was nobody the better or the worse for the meeting? There are some people in the world who, either from excess of industry or of idleness, keep journals of the events of each day; but they would hardly think of entering at night the description of all the fellow-passengers with whom they have been associated. What help can there be? There may have been some one who recognized, under the apparently trifling circumstance, the mysterious workings of fate, and made a note accordingly. The course of the world would have been changed, said Pascal, if Cleopatra's nose had been but a little shorter; and, whether the fact be an encouragement to take note of railway companions or not, it is certain that our life is made up chiefly of small events. The worst of it is, that they are too small for long keeping. "He that scrutinizeth trifles," proverbio-philosophically remarks a poet of the day, "hath a store of pleasure to his hand." But human memories are weak, and there are those whose hearts are so callous that the minutes spent in the company of a gentleman

and lady near Forest Hill actually leave no trace whatever, after four months, in their recollection.

The moral of the story is obvious. People should always be careful to look carefully at other people whenever they happen to meet them. Here is a happy couple in the upper classes of life, first-class travellers every inch of them, plunged into anxiety which it makes one's heart bleed to guess at, all through the dastardly indifference of four dull gentlemen to beautiful features and pleasant talk. Is this to be so? Is it to be told, to the discredit of Englishmen, that the fairest of their sex can actually volunteer a conversation and be forgotten before the year is out? There is but one thing to be done. If nobody can manage to remember the circumstance as it is, some one must volunteer to try. Domestic happiness is not to be imperilled because stupid people will not use their eyes. Any one who cares a straw for the finer affections, and can sympathize with the anxiety of two young and ardent hearts, has now got his work cut out for him. One person who chooses to remember what took place in his absence, will surely do as well as four who choose to forget what certainly happened in their presence. So shall some *denouement* take place, something be finally cleared up, and some result arrived at. A domestic bliss will be ensured, the nature of which, from want of all materials, we will not attempt to picture. Honour to him who will supply, in the name of all that is romantic, the place of the cold-hearted four! Hearts are breaking, because no one can be found to recollect a beautiful young lady. Good heavens! for the sake of two such devoted souls as these, we would cheerfully remember a dozen.

One more consideration, and we have done. It is told of a distinguished writer on the *whiskier* side, so to speak, of the Tweed, that whenever the charms of the national beverage had proved fatal to more diffuse and expanded forms of thought, he used, solemnly and oracularly, with semi-articulate but determined utterance, to deliver the following remark: "No man living knows what I said to Jemmy Thompson, and what Jemmy Thompson said to me!" With the same grand confidence of a virgin secret, the writer of the romantic advertisement before us can aver that none among mortals know what is happening to the beautiful young lady of nineteen. What those four gentlemen are wanted for, and of what use they could possibly be, if they were found, we have vainly striven to guess. May we hope that at some time in the distant future, when all has come right which is now, we presume, going wrong; and when all has been remembered which has now so disastrously been forgotten, the possessors of the mysterious knowledge will consent to give it to the world? Glad as we should be to know that the right man had been found to recollect the right thing, we should be still more glad, if it were only for the sake of railway romance, to know what on earth it means, and why on earth it matters?

#### POLITICAL PARTIES.

OF the many lessons which the American civil war is teaching mankind, there is one which suggests itself as often as we try to follow out the strangely intricate forms which their internal politics assume. It is that our English notions of the natural division of political parties are founded on a somewhat narrow and special experience, and that in all probability the progress of events will oblige us to recast our views on the subject. For a long time past it has been assumed that all politics may be represented as a contest between Liberals and Conservatives; that there is in human affairs a current of continuous change affecting nearly all subjects of interest to mankind; that there is in science a continual progress towards truth, in morals a progress towards happiness, and in politics a progress towards democracy. Perhaps Mr. Buckle threw this general notion into the most decisive and pronounced form that it ever assumed. To him all history was a struggle between the Arimanes, or spirit of protection; and the Oromasdes, or spirit of scepticism. De Tocqueville's doctrine, that progress towards an equality of conditions is "the most continuous, the most ancient, and the most permanent fact known to history," is another instance of the same way of thinking, though he was so far from regarding the advance of democracy as essentially and universally good that, as is well known, he viewed it with suspicion and in many ways with regret.

The American civil war throws a good deal of new light on the subject. To those who never can look beyond the events of the moment, or believe that there can be a strong side to any argument of which the weak side is for the time being attracting attention, it affords an admirable opportunity of raising the cry that democracy has broken down, and of indulging in foolish self-complacency on the subject of English institutions. Those who look at the matter a little more fairly and coolly, will probably discover, not that democracy has broken down—one of those unmeaning phrases which are the most formidable enemies of anything like real thought—but that the simple classification of political parties which we have more or less consciously assumed in most of our language on such subjects is far too slight and general to meet the facts which are passing before us. An excellent illustration of this is afforded by the names and opinions of the parties who have just been confronting each other at the elections—the Republicans or Radicals, and the Democrats or Conservatives. According to our English notions, it is all but a contradiction in terms to couple democracy with conservatism; and it is equally strange to see the name of Radical allied with a party which is certainly most powerful in the States, which have always and not unjustly claimed to form a sort of intellectual aristocracy. The *Times*, in an article



of Thursday last, referred to this fact as an illustration of the perversity of things in America. What, it was asked, can be made of a people where the Democrats are Conservatives, and the Republicans want to establish a despotism? The answer is worth giving, though the question was asked as if no answer could be given. It is that the association which exists in our minds between democracy and the desire to change what exists is entirely accidental. Aristocrats and Democrats alike wish to keep what they have got, and there is no reason in the nature of things why a democracy should not be as conservative as a monarchy or an oligarchy, if it happens to have carried the day, and to be in possession of political power. America is not the only country in the world in which democracy is allied with conservatism. The same state of things exists in Switzerland. In several of the cantons the Radicals are the party who wish to introduce what we should describe as high Tory maxims of government, to the subversion of the existing state of things. The attitude of each of the great American parties shows how narrow and local most of our party classifications are. The Southern Aristocrats and the Northern Democrats are Aristocrats and Democrats in the true sense of the word. That is, the Southerners are a rich class of landholders, supported by slave-labour. The Northern Democrats are, and always have been, the advocates of democracy proper; that is, of the reduction of society to one level, and of its government by a majority of the units of whom that one level is composed. Yet both the Southern and the Northern Democrats have been drawn, by perfectly natural causes, to take similar views on the great question of the Constitution and its nature and consequences. The dispute between State rights and Union rights is as old as the Constitution itself. We are more apt to forget what has been the meaning of democracy in the domestic questions which have arisen in the North. Generally speaking, the question has there assumed the form of a debate as to the relative importance of the functions to be allotted to the United States Government and to the Government of the individual States. Was Congress to be allowed to levy taxes for general purposes such as the construction of roads? Was there to be a United States Bank, &c.? On these questions, which at different times sprung up about all sorts of subjects, the Democrats answered no, the Republicans yes. The Democrats always viewed with suspicion any attempt of the central Government to exercise important functions and to take upon itself any duties which could be discharged by the individual States, for the very same reason which led Mr. John Bright to propose that India should be split up into several different Governments. They felt that aversion which is natural in a democracy to the creation of a Government which might by any possibility become the master of the numerous little units of which the body politic ought, according to their view, to consist. In a word, they regarded the policy of the nation, to a great extent, from the parish-vestry point of view.

On the other hand, the Southern Aristocrats were equally jealous, and it was equally natural for them to be jealous of the United States Government, on account of the peculiar position in which they were placed by the existence of slavery and the necessity under which they thus lay of giving a peculiar direction to the policy of the Union. As the Democrats were the advocates of States rights for the sake of opposing centralized power, the Southern Aristocrats were their advocates as a protection and justification for that declaration of national independence to which, as recent events have shown, they were always looking forward.

It follows, from this, that our common impression that the classification of political parties as Monarchical, Aristocratic, and Democratic, connotes an anxiety for, or reluctance to enter upon changes calculated to benefit the body politic, is derived from a limited experience, and is true, in so far as it is true at all, only of a particular passage in our own history—a passage which is now very probably drawing to a close. To a generation which has grown up with the cry of reform constantly in its ears, and which has witnessed the reconstruction of almost every branch of its political institutions, it is hard to believe that we should have other political objects than the reformation of abuses. It is highly important to remember that we can, and that even if the whole machinery of government were set in perfect working order, the question, what is to be done with it? would still remain to be solved. Suppose we succeed in getting a Parliament, the constitution of which gives entire satisfaction; in setting all the administrative machinery of the country in good working order; in making the law as symmetrical and as easily understood as need be;—in short, in getting our house sufficiently well swept and garnished for all immediate practical purposes, is it to be supposed that we shall then all sit still and make money without further concern? Most undoubtedly we shall do nothing of the kind. New objects would arise and would be debated at least as fiercely as the old ones. Men would be split up into an endless variety of parties, and would differ quite as much as to the objects which they should pursue as they have differed during the last few years as to the machinery by which they should pursue whatever objects they might determine to aim at.

It may be supposed that the prospect of anything like a general reformation is so far distant that it is idle to speculate as to its consequences when it arrives, but experience does not favour the notion. Turn a microscope upon any political system, especially on our own, and no doubt endless abuses and defects will come to light; and for the last half century we have used the microscope without fear or mercy. Stand a little further off, and it is wonderful how different things will look. Human expectations are wonderfully moderate in reality, and when things are brought into some tolerable order

men will wonderfully soon be satisfied with them. When they are satisfied, they will turn their attention to something else, and then the old political classifications will appear under totally different combinations. The Democrats will be Conservatives, the high Tories will be Radicals, and the friends of liberty will be regarded as pedantic dreamers.

History is full of such examples, especially when religion mixes with politics. No changes go so deep, or affect so many interests, yet it hardly ever happens that, in a great religious change, the mass of the people, the democracy proper, who in our own time and country are supposed to be the natural friends of reform, are the reforming party. A religious reform almost always begins with the intellectual class, the people who are at once well educated and well-to-do in the world, and as a general rule they have to carry their point against the fierce opposition of the great mass. Both Dr. Milman and Mr. Merivale often take occasion to insist on the fact that, at many periods of the early history of Christianity, its stronghold was in the middle classes; and there can be no doubt that from the very first, Protestantism, in Germany, in England, and in France, was closely connected with the aristocracy. If the Reformation was a case of progress, it was one with which democracy had very little to do, though in the course of events relations between the two were no doubt established.

Many of the symptoms which are most worthy of mention in our own age appear to point to the probability that deep and wide changes may be expected in the class of political questions which will have to be discussed, and in the relation borne to them by different portions of society. For instance, there has been a long and close alliance between political liberalism and free-trade, and also between liberalism and democracy. In our days there can be no doubt that protective theories in their strongest form—the form of trades' unions—are deeply rooted in the most democratic part of the population. There are other vast questions, which in time will work out their own solution; but, however they may be determined ultimately, it is interesting and important to observe that our present classification of political parties gives us no clue whatever as to the part which any class of society may be expected to take in their discussion.

#### THE FEDERAL FINANCIAL POSITION AND ITS LESSONS.

NOTHING, perhaps, at the outset of the American war surprised reflecting Englishmen so much as the opinions of the press of the North on their financial position. Those who were most fully persuaded of the imperfect grasp of economical questions on the part of the self-elected instructors of the people, and who were also acquainted with the low character of the American press, felt that they had after all overrated the financial knowledge of Northern newspapers. If we could believe the confident assertions of these organs of opinion, the Secretary of the Treasury had discovered plans of carrying on the war without gold or silver;—if only he could secure a constant supply of paper, and a sufficient number of printers, he could coin money enough to pay all the expenses of repressing the rebellion, and even to leave a balance to enrich the loyal States. The course of events has revealed to the Federals the illusory foundations of their exultation, but has at the same time shown us that the Federals are not alone in their ignorance of the principles of political economy. Vague phrases containing no meaning, or concealing false opinions, are common to the South and the North, and are repeated as confidently in Old as in New England. A Richmond paper lately congratulated the Confederates on the fact that as they could no longer import foreign manufactures, their national wealth would be much increased by the necessity of making them at a greater cost at home; and the congratulation has been more than once repeated by the *Times* as a conclusion of sound political economy. The unfounded belief of the North in the virtues of a paper currency has been paralleled by equally unfounded predictions on this side of the Atlantic of the effects of its depreciation. In the teeth of the teaching of science and the lessons of history, we are told that the premium on gold must necessarily stop the war, and that no State can persevere in a contest with a currency in a permanently depreciated condition. Were the doctrine true, it would tell more against the Confederates than the Federals, as it is notorious that the "shin plasters" of Mr. Davis are at a greater discount than those of Mr. Lincoln; but unluckily for those who hope for peace, there are too many adverse historical precedents to allow us to look upon a speedy termination of the war from this cause as inevitable.

It cannot be too often repeated that at the beginning of the war there was absolutely no resource open to the Federal Government but that of borrowing. The income of the United States had, for more than forty years, been practically derived from two sources—the customs and the sale of waste lands. No direct or internal tax had been levied since the last war with this country, and, though arrears of the tax then imposed continued to be collected up to the year 1836, the amount so received in any year gradually diminished from less than £40,000 in 1820 to something under £300 in 1836. These arrears were paid by one or two defaulting States, and no machinery for national taxation except that of the Customs existed in the States from 1817 up to the present war. When that broke out, Mr. Lincoln's Government were obliged to borrow money to carry it on, and they very readily adopted the different forms of borrowing in use amongst ourselves. Money was borrowed by the creation of ordinary funds, by the issue of Exchequer Bonds (the Three Year Coupon Bonds), by the issue of Exchequer Bills (Certificates of Indebtedness), and by the issue of inconvertible paper (Treasury Notes).



That Treasury Notes represent, in fact, a loan to the Federal Government is, of course, apparent, for on the face of them is acknowledged the claim which the holder has on the Treasury; they differ, however, from the ordinary forms of inconvertible paper in this, that the holder has a right to have them funded in 6 per cent. stock, and their value cannot, therefore, be depreciated below the market-price of such a stock.

It seems almost unnecessary to point out the true character of these notes, were it not that when we have once seized it, the premium on gold no longer appears appalling. That gold is compared with Treasury notes at 30 per cent. premium, simply means that this form of loan sells at about 77 per cent., a price which might well consist with the continuation of the war for a quarter of a century. The price of these notes must fall like the price of every kind of stock, for in time of war, independently of any feeling of insecurity, the rate of interest rises through the transfer of capital from productive to unproductive employment; but it is a remarkable tribute to the wealth of the United States that a withdrawal during twelvemonths of upwards of a hundred millions sterling from the ordinary occupations of trade and manufactures should have so little affected the rate of interest. It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that the premium on gold represents solely the depreciation of the Treasury notes; this form of the national loan has suffered a serious rivalry from the over-issue of the banks of the several States. Simultaneously with the issue of notes from the Treasury, there has been a general suspension of specie payments on the part of the State banks; the suspension was probably an inevitable result of the bad management of these establishments, but it must be remembered that their control is wholly a question of State government, and is not within the national jurisdiction. The traveller in the United States has often had to complain that the paper currency of one State was not accepted in the next; and the present situation is, to some extent, due to the absence of that National Bank, the establishment of which has often been a subject of controversy in the politics of the Union. In Pennsylvania, where there is no State restriction on the bank issues, the notes issued have more than doubled within the last six months, and are still increasing, but such an inflation cannot be checked except by the legislative action of that State. The effect of these excessive issues within each State must always be carefully distinguished from the depreciation due to the issue of Treasury notes; the disturbances which they excite are purely local, and in their own fields of action the results are precisely similar to those which followed the suspension of cash payments by the Bank of England in 1797. The State banks are now, as the Bank of England was for twenty years, insolvent; but as it is believed in the present case, as it was in that of our Bank, that cash payments will some day be resumed, their forms of credit circulate at a depreciated value, the depreciation depending on the degree of probability of the resumption of payments and the length of time which may be expected to elapse before it occurs. It will at once appear that the depreciation of Bank notes and Treasury notes need not be equal, and that the former may be depreciated as compared with the latter. The quotations which reach Europe from New York have not as yet distinguished the two cases; but it is probable that the depreciation of Treasury notes is less than that exhibited by the premium on gold. The circulation of the United States consists at present of specie, Treasury notes, and the Bank issues; and whilst the second are no doubt depreciated with respect to the first, the Bank issues are probably at a still lower value. It will be a matter of curiosity to watch the internal exchanges between the States; as in some of them there is a restriction, however imperfect, on the amount of the Bank circulation, it may well happen that their currency will become appreciated with respect to their neighbours, and the phenomena of adverse exchanges will be as marked between New York and Pennsylvania as it can be between the Union and Great Britain. Unsatisfactory, however, as the position of a nation is when its currency is depreciated, it must be remembered that such depreciation does by no means necessarily indicate an exhaustion of its resources. Our own Bank circulation was inconvertible and depreciated for twenty years, during the greater part of which time we were engaged in a most costly and almost universal war; yet the great financiers who sat on Mr. Horner's Bullion Committee, and the others, like Mr. Ricardo, who supported its conclusions, denounced the restriction bill from no apprehension that it affected our stock of wealth, but because it necessarily gave to the Bank Directors the power of varying the value of the currency. The evils complained of were those of an unstable standard;—the uncertainty involved in all relations between debtors and creditors including the relation between the State and its creditors.

The evils of the present position of the Federal currency are sufficiently serious, but they are not unprecedented, nor do they threaten to paralyze the efforts of the Government. It is clear that the States should compel their banks to resume cash payments; or, if that be at present impossible, that any further increase in the issues should be absolutely forbidden. The lesson to the Federal Government, on the other hand, is that they have for the time reached the limit in borrowing under the form of Treasury notes, which it would be imprudent to transgress; it is, indeed, incumbent on Mr. Lincoln's Government to raise a large revenue from taxation, and, to do them justice, they seemed during the last session of Congress to be aware of this obligation. They were, as we have said, compelled to borrow at the outset, as it was impossible to create at once a machinery of Federal taxation, and, as the students of the American Constitution are aware, the difficulties of raising

any direct tax are enormous; still, the Tax and Tariff Bills introduced into Congress testified to the zeal of Mr. Chase in raising money. It was the fault of Congress, aggravated, no doubt, by the constitutional absence of Ministers from it, that so languid an attention was paid to these bills; but the events of the recess will probably have impressed upon the members the necessity of providing a larger income, and in the ensuing session the balance between taxation and loans will probably be redressed. Even now, however, if the internal taxes are as productive as is anticipated, the fifty or sixty millions sterling which they will bring to the Federal Exchequer will be a larger proportion of the current expenditure than Mr. Pitt provided by taxation.

A comparison of the balance-sheet of the Federal Government with that of other Governments engaged in great wars, will show that no financial difficulty need check their resolution. On the 1st of July last, the Federal Government had created a National Debt of little more than a hundred millions sterling, and their annual expenditure was something under that sum, whilst the population of the Federal States may be taken at eighteen millions. In 1801 the population of the United Kingdom was under sixteen millions, and the National Debt was £464,000,000; the expenditure was upwards of sixty millions, and the bank had suspended specie payments for more than four years, but the war continued, with a slight interruption, for fourteen years more, during all which time the bank-note was inconvertible; the premium on gold was for years from 14 to 16 per cent., the debt gradually swelled to £874,000,000, and the annual expenditure to £106,000,000, yet it must be confessed that the spirit of the English people was as resolute immediately before the battle of Waterloo as it ever had been in the course of the war. Any one who will add to this a comparison of the condition of an American farm-servant with the awful degradation of the English peasant sixty years since, will cease to expect peace from the influence of financial pressure. If we take another example, the condition of Russia before the Crimean war, its income was between forty and fifty millions, the funded debt one hundred and fifty millions, and the unfunded debt existing in the form of paper money more than one hundred millions sterling; the normal expenditure of the empire has never been stated with precision, but it was known to involve an annual deficit; yet here again there was a stubborn contest with the two most powerful nations of Europe, and peace was, perhaps, after all due to the personal influence of a new monarch. Austria has become a proverb for a perpetual succession of deficits and the excessive depreciation of her currency, and the empire has been repeatedly declared to be ruined; but, as Mr. Carlyle has said in his last volume of "Frederick," "Austria has taken a deal of killing." When Cavour began the course of action which was destined to bring about his hope of converting the kingdom of Sardinia into the kingdom of Italy, he had to meet a large debt, greater per head, indeed, than that of Austria, and an expenditure exceeding the income of the kingdom; he did not hesitate, however, to add to the debt by increased expenditure and annual deficits, and to this day the finances of Italy are not in equilibrium. In all these cases, as in the many others that might be added, the condition of the people, which is the best test of the warlike resources of a nation, was miserably low; the overlooker is always puzzled to discover whence the sinews of war have been derived; and it is idle in the face of such facts to think that the Federal States, with a single exception the richest community in the world, and in respect of the distribution of wealth more fortunately placed than ourselves, are in such a state of exhaustion that peace must soon ensue.

The real test of the duration of a war is found in the energy of resolution of the people. Whether the people of the North are so determined on drawing the borders of the South within the narrowest limits as to submit to the inevitable pressure of taxation, time alone will show. Mobs are always fickle; the same crowd which surrounded the carriage of George III. on his way to Parliament, and shouted for war, flocked about it again within two years, and yelled for peace; but the mob of London did not carry with it the opinion of the nation. If the people of the North relinquish the struggle in which they are engaged, at the first moment that they are called upon to contribute to its support, they will exhibit a weakness of resolution unexampled in history.

#### RUSSIAN REFORMS.

HAVING turned his attention to the vast field of legal reform, the Emperor Alexander has bestowed on his subjects what may prove a great and lasting benefit. It rests with them to turn it to account. He has cleared away a number of the time-honoured stumbling-blocks which impeded the course of justice in Russia, and he has introduced some of the machinery which in free countries is most intimately connected with its administration. If the people will avail themselves of the power that is given them, and apply their energies to the work in which they are for the first time permitted to share, the new concessions must produce a most favourable result. But if they regard the innovations with indifference, and, expecting all aid to come from without, refuse to co-operate with their rulers in working out their own deliverance, the vaunted reforms will never pass beyond the region of intention, and their expected results will merely add to the number of things which might have been.

It is unnecessary to enter into the details of the new judicial scheme. It will be sufficient to notice a few of the points in which it most materially



differs from that which it amends. Hitherto, the administration of justice in Russia has been one great abuse. A swarm of underpaid officials existed upon the fees which they exacted from all who were unhappy enough to be driven to their courts. No public opinion tempered their harshness, and no dread of exposure cooled their venal ardour. Their proceedings took place in secret, and, undeterred by fear of reporters, or leading articles, or Parliamentary investigations, they sold their decisions with an impartial disregard for right and wrong, and threw upon the injustice which they dispensed. They monopolized the functions and powers of solicitors, counsel, judges. No Bar restrained the insolence, and no jury impeded the decision of the presiding magistrate, and the dignity of the Bench was too often misrepresented by the brutality of the policeman or the soldier. The decrees of the more respectable Courts were liable to be set aside by the arbitrary decision of the secret police, or reversed by the votes of senators who had gained their knowledge of jurisprudence during a service in the army, from which they had been dismissed on account of their incapacity, or in the ministerial bureaux, from which their incorrigible habits of thieving had necessitated their removal.

Many of these evils are now to be at least mitigated. A radical cure cannot be expected until the standard of morals has been raised throughout the country, and the people, subjects as well as rulers, have learned by experience what is the meaning of the words honour and shame. The present generation requires a special education, before it can comprehend the merits of liberal institutions, which do not promise direct pecuniary advantages; but the future citizens of Russia will perhaps acknowledge the debt of gratitude which they owe to them. The most important of the imperial innovations is the introduction of the jury element into legal proceedings. Juries have been unknown in Russia for centuries. Something of the kind probably existed in the ancient republics, for wherever there have been free men, they have chosen to be tried by their peers; but their memory has long ago died out, and they are now created not resuscitated. But neither civil nor political cases will be allowed to come before them. It is only in criminal cases that they will be granted, and in those criminal cases only in which the accused person is liable to lose his personal rights, to be exiled to Siberia, or to be sent into the ranks of the army. It is evident that the Emperor has hoped to dazzle the eyes of Europe by parading the words *Trial by Jury* before them, while he has deprived the vaunted concession of all its power to check his despotic authority, and of most of its value as a security for the liberty of the subject, by refusing to grant juries in the very cases for which they were chiefly required. It is small consolation to a poor lad who, like the student Yakovlev, is condemned by a military tribunal to be shot for talking boyish treason, to know that if he had murdered his grandfather, or robbed a bank, he would have had the advantage of a jury trial. What is wanted in Russia is some security against arbitrary interference with liberty of action, against despotic silencing of all free speech, and this is what the government has not provided for. Still the boon, though granted with a niggardly hand, is by no means to be despised. The mere fact that juries exist, is something to be wondered at by those who recollect the rule of Nicholas, and their introduction in criminal cases may lead to their being established in every court and in all proceedings. There is no great fault to be found with the regulations regarding their constitution. The Court is to choose thirty jurors, out of whom the defendant and the Public Prosecutor will select eighteen. All classes are to be represented; but uneducated persons are ineligible. It remains to be seen whether jurors will prove themselves superior to bribes. If so, they will manifest a regard for their duty, and a disregard for their interests, which will distinguish them very honourably from the officials for whom they have been substituted.

The publicity given to legal proceedings is another signal benefit. The secrecy which has hitherto hedged about a judge will no longer avail him, and he will be left open to the healthy influence of public opinion, which may brace his magisterial nerves and give tone to his moral feelings. The business of the courts will be reported, and a journal to some degree legal will let the people know how justice is administered among them. Another concession is that of allowing counsel in all cases. The profession of barristers does not exist at present, and instead of solicitors there are a set of agents, who are minor functionaries of the courts; but an attempt will probably be made to create a class of advocates, who will be permitted to represent the parties interested in civil cases, and to defend those accused on criminal charges.

Considerable changes are to be made in the constitution of the Law Courts. Hitherto, each of the fifty-two Russian provinces or governments has had from six to twelve district courts, besides its central tribunal. These are now to be amalgamated, and in some cases only one Government court will be retained for three or four provinces, the business of the others being transacted at the assemblies of the elected justices of the peace. This will allow of a great reduction in the detested army of officials; but suitors will often be put to great inconvenience on account of the enormous distances they will have to travel. The former judges of the district courts were, at least to some extent, elected by the people, but henceforth the judges of the new tribunals will be appointed by Government. This will give the authorities immense influence, and if they choose to avail themselves of it for a bad purpose, the evil resulting from this will more than counterbalance the good worked by the other changes. The Senate will now act as a *Cour de Cassation* only, having power to send cases back for re-hearing when a jury has been

misdirected, or new evidence has been discovered. Its old powers will be taken away, and the scandalous scene will no longer be visible, of breathless secretaries rushing about St. Petersburg, and collecting the votes of imbecile old generals on an abstruse point of law, during the argument of which in the Senate they may have been amusing themselves abroad or lying ill at home. Special courts will be set apart for trials in which official persons are concerned; and this again is an arrangement of a suspicious nature, giving an undue influence to the Government. Political cases also will be tried in new courts, and although it is provided that the marshal of the nobles and the chief of the merchants are to be present, yet the nature of the tribunal bodes little good to those who shall be so unfortunate as to become personally acquainted with its working. Official salaries in general are to be increased. They are already larger than they formerly were, but it is found necessary to raise them still higher, for although there is no lack of candidates for the vacant places (the test of our Chancellor of the Exchequer), the underpaid public servants of the Crown cannot be kept from speculation.

That the Emperor is in earnest in his desire to further the cause of legal reform, appears from the fact of Count Panin's dismissal. As Minister of Justice, that functionary has done all that lay in his power to retain old abuses, to disappoint public expectation, and to undo any good that his more liberal colleagues might have effected. Clinging with a senile affection to every relic of the system which is passing away before his eyes, he looked upon reformers with the feelings which spiders may be supposed to entertain towards housemaids. The recent innovations have probably elicited from him some unpardonable expression of disgust, and he has been deprived of the power which he had for more than thirty years misused. His successor, M. Zamiatnin, bears a fair character, but he is not a man of any note, and he will probably make way before long for some more distinguished personage.

The question of financial reform is that which is now of the greatest importance. A strange voice of lamentation is making itself heard in Russia. It is the complaint of rich men who can get no money. The wealthiest proprietors are in some cases temporarily penniless. Croesus has flocks and herds, houses and lands, whole villages and estates large as English counties, but he cannot command a supply of cash enough to pay for his little luxuries. What the proprietors require is a bank which will advance them money on the security of their land. They have already pledged their property to the extent of one-sixth of its value, receiving thirty roubles a head for their serfs, and paying six per cent. for the sum borrowed, but the law does not allow the existing bank to make any further advance, and they are in the position of men possessing land, land everywhere, and not a shilling to spend. The dreaded emancipation has done them no harm. Their cry has always been that they would be ruined. Without serfs to till the soil, their estates would become worthless as a desert waste. Instead, however, of their predictions being fulfilled, the price of land has risen considerably, so that a property without peasants now sells for more than it would have fetched in former days when they were included in the sale. Thus even the proprietors are benefited by the alteration, but they refuse to take advantage of it, and, instead of resolutely combating the difficulties which embarrass them, they prefer to sit still and bewail their misfortunes. Some means of assisting these broad-acred paupers must be found, and this subject is one which no doubt causes sufficient anxiety to the Minister of Finance. Before long, we hope to hear of new and yet more extensive reforms. The path on which the Emperor has entered is not one in which he can halt long with impunity, and the changes which he has sanctioned as yet are sufficient only to create a longing for freedom, which, if left unsatisfied, may be degraded into a hatred even of lawful restraint.

#### SILK COTTON.

In the present unhappy condition of our labourers in the cotton districts, and the melancholy prospect before us, not only for the approaching winter but for one or more succeeding years, the interest attached to everything connected with cotton is not likely to subside very soon. A recent communication from her Majesty's Consul at Charleston respecting the quantity of cotton stored up in the Southern States or in process of growth at the time he wrote would not be very encouraging, even were there any hope of an early settlement of the disputes between the Northern and Southern States. The whole stock at present in the South does not amount to half a year's consumption in our own manufacturing districts; and the crop of 1862, with the exception of that of Texas, the amount of which has not been ascertained, and of the sea islands, which are in Northern hands, scarcely exceeds a million bags; and it must of course be remembered, to use the words of Mr. Bunch, in his letter to Lord Russell, "that a portion or the whole of this accumulation may be destroyed at any moment by the Southern people." Since the publication of Mr. Bunch's letter it is stated in a communication from our Government to Mr. G. R. Heywood, Secretary of the Cotton Supply Association, at Manchester, that a million bags have been irreparably injured, and that if the war continues the greater part of the cotton lands will be devoted to the production of corn. It must be remembered also that a large quantity of cotton will be wanted for home consumption, on which account again a considerable deduction must be made. Every exertion, therefore, must be put forth to obtain relief from other quarters, and if any substitute really exists due attention should be turned to its utilization.

The promises held out of a supply of Alva fibre, at from about eightpence



to tenpence a pound, as stated at the meeting of the British Association at Cambridge, seem to have vanished into thin air; the down of the cotton rush, to which attention has been called by a correspondent in the *Times*, is too short and brittle to be of any use, even could a quantity be procured; and any importation of hemp or flax fibres, however excellent in themselves, though it might help to supply the deficiency which will soon be felt from the scarcity and high price of calico, by reverting to the use of linen instead of cotton, will not relieve the present distress in the cotton districts, as neither are they capable of being spun by cotton machinery, nor could the cotton-spinners at once adopt a new trade were the opportunity set before them.

There is, however, a class of fibres to which little attention has been paid, though not only excellent and beautiful specimens of the substance itself were exhibited in the Indian department of the International Exhibition, but also samples of the cloth which they are capable of yielding, either alone or as a mixture with cotton, were contained in the same collection, and these of such a character as to make it probable that the substance might really be used with profit if it could be obtained at a cheap rate and in good condition. We have now, moreover, important information on the subject, which is generally accessible in the classified and descriptive catalogue, just printed for Her Majesty's Commissioners, of the Indian department of the International Exhibition of 1862, by Dr. J. Forbes Watson, Reporter on the Products of India, and director, &c., of the Indian department.

Silk cotton has been long known in India as the produce of certain plants belonging especially to the natural orders of Sterculiaceæ and Asclepiadææ, though used only by the lower orders for stuffing chairs and cushions, and even then not unfrequently with a degree of misgiving, as the cotton of *Bombax* has the reputation of being an unwholesome substance to sleep upon. We will, however, use Dr. Watson's own words as contained in the catalogue:—

"The seed-pods of various genera of plants supply a material which, from its appearance, is called silk cotton. It is deficient in strength and difficult to spin, on account of the smoothness of the individual fibres. Some specimens of cloth manufactured from an admixture of cotton and the floss of *Ak* (*Calotropis Hamiltonii*) are shown, and an interesting application of the material by itself is supplied by the rug (No. 2,942), exhibited and entered below.

"There are two species of *Calotropis*, one the *Mûdar* (*Calotropis gigantea*), the other the *Ak* (*C. Hamiltonii*), which produce this floss in great abundance. One or other of these grow luxuriantly in all parts of the country, and should the material, as now expected, prove of commercial value, it could be furnished at a cheap rate in large quantities.

"Attempts in this country to work the material by means of machinery have hitherto failed. At the suggestion, however, of Mr. Stuart Clark, Inspector-General of Prisons, North-Western Provinces, a considerable quantity of it was lately forwarded to my department by Dr. Walker, of the Agra jail, and a portion having been submitted to Messrs. Thresher & Glenny (who have for a long time been devoting attention to the subject), these gentlemen are enabled to report their ability to turn it to account, if obtainable here in a clean, good condition, at £30 per ton."

We are not, however, without information as to the rate at which it could be procured in India, for Dr. Walker appended the following remark to his specimen, speaking of *Calotropis Hamiltonii*, as produced in Agra:—

"The charge of the down is merely that of the labour employed in collecting it and the charges incurred in packing. It may be collected at about 1 rupee 8 annas (3s.) per maund (82 lbs.). The plant is to be found in the greatest abundance everywhere, growing most luxuriantly in those dry sandy tracts where nothing else will flourish. The down ought to be collected in May and June, and its collection is spread at least over two months."

Though, however, it is stated above that specimens are exhibited made of the *Ak* floss, the only ones which are recorded are said to consist chiefly of *Mûdar* floss, from which it should seem, either that the terms are more or less convertible, or that there is not much difference in the sensible qualities of the two substances.

The four specimens enumerated are as follow:—1. Cloth, one part cotton and four parts *Mûdar* floss thread, Central Prison, Agra. 2. Cloth, one part cotton and one part *Mûdar* floss thread, from the same locality. 3. Cloth made entirely of *Mûdar* floss, from Agra. 4. A rug made of *Mûdar* floss, from the Shahpore Jail, Punjab. We made ourselves also a note of some cloth of one part cotton and three parts *Mûdar*. The cloth, it may be observed, has very much the appearance of the coarse unbleached calico, which is extremely popular amongst the poor, and bought up greedily at Christmas clothing clubs, from its warmth and serviceable character, for sheeting and other purposes where strength and not colour is the object. We hope that other manufacturers besides those mentioned by Dr. Watson will make experiments in the same direction. In a slip now before us, there is a note to the effect that manufacturers will be supplied, on application at the Indian Museum, Whitehall-yard, with samples for experiment, and though this has disappeared—doubtless for good and sufficient reasons,—in the course of correction, from the proof-sheet, we trust that facilities will still be afforded for more extended experiments, since as regards such matters, as in so many others, in the multitude of counsel there is wisdom.

A microscopical examination of the floss shows that the component threads are very different from those of cotton. In the latter they are flat, with frequently a raised border on either side, and a very narrow cavity, besides which they often exhibit traces of a spiral structure which must facilitate greatly their union into yarn; those of the silk cotton, on the contrary, which are for the most part of greater diameter and sometimes twice as thick, are perfectly even and cylindrical, consisting, like most simple cells, merely of a

thin double wall of two distinct membranes, with a large regular tubular cavity, but little narrower than the threads themselves. In consequence, they slip very easily over each other, besides being more or less brittle when bent or folded abruptly. It is obvious, therefore, that they are not likely to be extensively useful alone, though, when mixed with cotton, they may prove of great importance, as enabling us to economize our scanty supply. The want has merely to be made known in India to ensure a good supply next summer.\*

The genus *Calotropis*, moreover, is worthy of attention, not merely on account of the floss produced by the capsules, but from the excellence of the fibre yielded by the stems, which seems to surpass most others in quality, with the exception, perhaps, of that produced by some of the nettle tribe. Another species of *Calotropis* besides those mentioned above, namely, *C. procera*, is recorded in the *Bombay Flora* as yielding a beautiful flax, which is employed in the manufacture of a kind of cambric, and in the Indian Collection, No. 2,970, was a handkerchief made of *Mûdar*, apparently of excellent quality, as far as could be judged through the glass of a closed case. Besides this, *C. gigantea* produces a drug called *Mudarine*, which is in high repute in India, of which the following account is given in Pereira's admirable "*Materia Medica*:"—

"Dr. Duncan obtained from the dried rootbark much starch, a white resin and 11 per cent. of an extractive bitter principle, called *mudarine* or *madarin*. This last-mentioned substance, like emetine, excites vomiting, and, according to Dr. Duncan, is the active principle of the root. Its watery solution has the remarkable property of coagulating or gelatinising by heat, and of becoming fluid again by cold. The inspissated juice, root, and bark, have been extensively used in the East for their emetic, sudorific, alterative, and purgative qualities. It has been employed in a great variety of diseases, especially obstinate cutaneous maladies, and some spasmodic affections. Mr. Robinson found it decidedly useful in a species of elephantiasis; it has also been used as a substitute for pécuanha."

In conclusion, we would recommend Dr. Watson's volume, which is published at the low rate of four shillings, as containing an immense quantity of interesting and important information, illustrated frequently by nicely executed woodcuts, and by very carefully prepared statistical tables. The part relating to Indian fibres is particularly good, and taken in connection with Royle's invaluable volume, will supply almost everything which is known on the subject.

#### THE PAST WEEK.

THE latest date of American news is the evening of November 3rd at New York. General McClellan has not yet advanced his army much. His headquarters are at Berlin, on the Potomac, seven miles from Harper's Ferry. The Confederates are in force at Winchester, in the Shenandoah Valley, between Winchester and Gordonsville, and towards the Potomac. It is rumoured that the Confederate General Lee, in Virginia, will shortly be reinforced by the arrival of General Bragg from Tennessee. On the south coast, the Federal General Butler, with ten thousand men from New Orleans, has landed at Pensacola, and is advancing upon the Mobile railroad. Much indignation is felt at the conduct of General McNeil at Palmyra, in Missouri. That place had been for a short time in the possession of the Confederates. When it was recovered by the Federals, one man was missing, and, as his absence was not accounted for, the general ordered ten Confederate prisoners to be shot in cold blood. The Confederate cruiser, *Alabama*, has captured several more vessels, and three of the fastest Federal steam-ships have been sent out to catch her. The coming elections, especially in the State of New York, give rise to bitter animosity between the Republican and Democratic parties.

The Emperor of the French has proposed to the Governments of Russia and Great Britain, that they shall use their influence jointly to persuade the American Federals and Confederates to agree to "an armistice for six months, during which every act of war, direct or indirect, should provisionally cease on sea as well as on land." M. Drouyn de Lhuys, in his despatch to the French ambassadors at London and St. Petersburg, dated October 30, says that the struggle which Europe has been watching with painful interest for more than a year past, while it does honour to the courage, perseverance, and energy of the two American populations, is attended with vast calamities, with a prodigious effusion of blood, and with apprehensions of a servile war, which would be the culminating point of so many irreparable disasters. Besides these sufferings of a nation towards which France has always felt a sincere friendship, France herself has suffered,—Europe has suffered from events which have dried up one of the most fruitful sources of the public wealth, and have inflicted the saddest trials on the working classes. The maritime powers have honourably observed a strict neutrality; but, their attitude being friendly, not indifferent, they may hope to be of service to the two parties, by helping them out of a position which seems to have no issue. After so much bloodshed, the belligerents are where they were at the commencement; nothing authorizes the presumption that more decisive military operations will shortly occur; by the latest news, the two armies were in a condition that would not allow either party to hope within a brief delay for any decided advantage to turn the balance, and hasten the conclusion of peace. There is now an opportunity for the maritime Powers to offer their good offices, without passing any judgment on the origin or issue of the struggle, or putting any pressure on the negotiations which might ensue. Their task would be merely to smooth down obstacles, "interfering only in the measure determined upon by the two parties." They would not decide, but prepare the solution of the difficulties which oppose a reconciliation between the parties. The three Powers, acting thus in concert, and with evident impartiality, might each

\* It is stated in the *Educational Times*, by a person of great experience as a cotton grower, that a useful fibre is produced by the pods of a species of *Asclepias*, a genus closely allied to *Calotropis*, which grows in the Rocky Mountains, and which might probably be cultivated with advantage in Canada. Its merits and defects would probably be similar to those of other varieties of silk cotton.



inspire confidence in their good intentions;—France by the constant tradition of her policy towards the United States; England by the community of race; and Russia by her frequent tokens of friendship for the Washington Cabinet. But should their hopes be vain, and should the wisdom of their counsels be overborne by the ardour of the struggle, they would have done themselves honour by attempting to fulfil a duty of humanity, and by discharging a mission which international law assigns to neutrals, more especially in a war in which excited passions prevent all attempts at direct negotiation. They could never make a nobler use of their influence than by endeavouring to put an end to a struggle which causes so much suffering and compromises such great interests throughout the world. Even if their overtures had no immediate results, they might not be entirely useless; for they might encourage public opinion to views of conciliation, and thus contribute to hasten the moment when the return of peace would become possible. M. Drouyn de Lhuys invites Earl Russell and Prince Gortschakoff to state the views of the British and Russian Government upon this proposal.

The French Minister of Foreign Affairs has addressed to the French Ambassador at Turin a despatch, by which he declines to enter into any discussion of the recent circular from General Durando, the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, to the representatives of Italy at the several Courts of Europe. If we may believe *La France*, which professes to give a correct analysis of this despatch, M. Drouyn de Lhuys declares that the Italian circular, being opposed to the constant traditions of French policy in Italy, cannot serve as a basis for negotiation. The Emperor's Government, while giving manifest proofs of its sympathy with Italy, has never ceased to let the Turin Cabinet know that it did not intend to depart from its policy of protecting the Pontifical States, and that it would keep its troops in Rome. The recognition of the kingdom of Italy, after the death of Cavour, was accompanied by a formal declaration that nothing was changed so far as concerned Rome. When a violent invasion caused the Holy See to lose some of its provinces, the French Cabinet did not hesitate to blame that act severely, and suspended its diplomatic relations with the Turin Cabinet. The Imperial Government has, therefore, constantly expressed its firm resolution of preserving Rome against all aggression, and protecting the independence and sovereignty of the Pope. Lately a bold enterprise seemed to threaten the States of the Holy See. France would not have allowed a rebel to violate the Pontifical territory—she would have stretched forth her protecting arm to ward off the danger. The Italian Government had the wisdom to stop the revolutionary movement. France applauded this vigorous act; but it would be an error to imagine that the French Government must deviate from its policy and evacuate Rome to recompense the moderation and energy of the Turin Cabinet. Evidently this error inspired the circular of General Durando. The French Cabinet cannot admit it as the basis of a negotiation. It has never at any time given to Piedmont or Italy the hope that it would sacrifice Rome and the Papacy to them. This, according to *La France*, is the purport of M. Drouyn de Lhuys' communication, but the ministerial papers at Turin deny that it is a correct account of what he says.

An address to the Pope, signed by 9,000 members of the Roman Catholic priesthood in Italy, amongst whom are included 76 vicars episcopal, 1,095 monsignors, canons of cathedrals or collegiate churches; 783 arch-priests, provosts, or parish rectors; 861 parish vicars or curates; 767 monks or regulars; 343 doctors, preachers, or professors; 167 schoolmasters in holy orders; and 4,533 simple priests; who all implore the Head of their Church to reconcile himself with Italy by giving up his temporal dominion of Rome, has just been published at Turin. Fresh signatures are continually added. This is the response made by the "second" or middle order of the Italian clergy to Father Passaglia's appeal, through his journal the *Mediatore*, which he set on foot early in this year, after having appealed, without result, to the episcopal order, in his famous letter, *Pro Causâ Italianâ*, issued at Florence more than a twelvemonth ago. Many of the clergymen who have the courage to sign this address will incur the censure of their diocesan, with penalties of suspension and deprivation of their benefices, from which the national government, in the present state of the law, is unable to protect them. In Lombardy, Tuscany, and Naples, associations have been formed, and funds subscribed, for the temporary relief of those who may suffer poverty on this account. Two hundred bishops, of whom not one in twenty is friendly to the new kingdom of Italy, use all their power, often most arrogantly and cruelly, to punish those of the lower clergy who sympathize with the popular cause.

The Queen stays quietly at Osborne, with her future daughter-in-law, the Princess Alexandra; while the Prince of Wales, with his sister and her husband, the Prince of Prussia, has been lionising at Naples, and climbing Mount Vesuvius (in which pedestrian achievement the Princess, wading in the ashes ankle-deep, lost her shoe, and was obliged to tie up her foot in a silk handkerchief, consecrated to that purpose by some chivalrous Raleigh of her suite). So, at his coming of age, Prince Albert Edward passed his birthday at Naples, on which occasion the *Gazette* at home has announced his promotion to the rank of General in the British Army. The two Princes and the Princess are now at Rome.

Lord Mayor's Day went off as usual. Lord Mayor Rose (who seeks the parliamentary seat for Southampton in addition to his civic honours) feasted the official notabilities of the realm in Guildhall. The Duke of Cambridge returned thanks for the army, commended the liberal expenditure to maintain its efficiency, complimented the volunteers, and remembered the Prince of Wales's birthday. The Bishop of London briefly, though very fitly, spoke for the Church; but the *corps diplomatique* was represented only by the "Minister for Honduras!" Lord Palmerston spoke for her Majesty's Government. He admired that splendid banquet, which hardly any sovereign in Europe could have surpassed, and which was typical of the convivial fellowship of the British nation. That day, when the annual sovereign of the City corporation began his reign, was also the birthday of the future sovereign of the British empire. This was pleasant; but the distress of our manufacturing districts was a topic of the deepest sorrow. There was no immediate prospect that more kindly and humane feelings would prevail between the contending parties in America; but he trusted that India would supply the cotton we required. In other respects the condition of our country was good. Army, navy, and volunteers, though small in numbers, were efficiently trained, brave, and patriotic

in spirit. Our harvest, even the farmers must confess, had not been a bad one; our trade was gaining in one direction what it had lost in another; our finances were sound. He drank the health of the new Lord Mayor. Lord Granville spoke for the House of Lords, and Mr. Cardwell for the Commons. Lord Brougham spoke for himself, and, as a member of the corporation for forty years, thought he might have responded to "Prosperity to the City of London." He touched on the distress of the working classes, and ascribed their good behaviour to the spread of popular education. He deplored the cruel conflict in America, and prophesied for that country a degrading fate—the tyranny of an armed mob, habituated to bloodshed and rapine, and to all the crimes of a savage nature. These were the Guildhall speeches on the Lord Mayor's Day.

A concluding report on the union of benefices in the City of London has been made by the Commissioners whom the Bishop, the Corporation of London, and the Chapter of St. Paul's, jointly appointed under an Act of Parliament for that purpose. They have considered the expediency of seventeen proposed unions. About a twelvemonth ago, they reported in favour of fourteen of these measures, upon which it becomes the duty of the Bishop to apply to the incumbent of each parish for their consent. It is not yet known whether, in all those fourteen cases, the proposed terms are agreed to. The Commissioners now further recommend the union of St. Catherine Cree with St. James's, Duke's-place; and that of St. Dionis Backchurch with St. Margaret Pattens and St. Gabriel, Fenchurch. The union of Allhallows Staining with St. Catherine Colman is abandoned, because the Grocers' Company, as trustee for the advowson to one of those benefices, holds under a peculiar title, which the Act of Parliament cannot touch. It seems the resident population in the City has diminished twenty per cent. in the last ten years. Many of the churches, therefore, are now deserted, while the swarming myriads in the regions of Shoreditch, Stepney, Whitechapel, and Clerkenwell, are insufficiently provided for. It is proposed, therefore, to pull down the empty churches, to sell the sites and materials, and to erect, instead of each one so abolished, a new one, with a district of 5,000 to 9,000 population, where churches are wanted most; the old patrons to receive the new benefices, properly endowed, as compensation for those which they formerly owned; the old parish registers to be handed over to the Registrar General; the old pulpits, organs, fonts, and bells, to be placed in the new churches; and the human bones, disinterred from beneath the old church-floors, to be consigned to a permanent tomb in the adjacent churchyards.

The physicians and surgeons of St. Thomas's Hospital have protested against removing it out of town. They say that, if the new building is to be at such a distance from the centre of London that going to it must be by railway or by long carriage conveyance, its medical usefulness will be at an end. It will no longer be available to relieve those cases of urgent suffering which have the first claim to hospital treatment,—attacks of acute disease and the immediate effects of severe accidental injuries. Relief in such cases must be prompt, and the hospital should be near. The patient, suffering perhaps from extreme agony or exhaustion, should not be exposed to any unnecessary delay or fatigue,—should not be conveyed five or six miles instead of one, or harassed with the changes of conveyance required for railway transit. Amidst a dense urban population, the traffic of the streets, the activity of work and machinery, and the unwholesomeness of dwellings as a cause of fevers, make such urgent cases very numerous. If St. Thomas's Hospital stood on a central site, with no other important hospital near it, two-thirds of its beds would be regularly filled with these most important cases. But if it were placed in the rural outskirts of London, it would relieve only those few cases of recent injury and acute disease which the thinly-peopled adjoining district might supply. The number even of sufferers from chronic disease, who may resort to it in a distant suburb, will be greatly diminished. Hitherto, it has been a local charity for the district where it stood. The inmates have been visited on Sunday afternoons by their outside friends and relatives, coming in hundreds, the parents, wives, husbands, children, and friends. These people, if the new hospital be out of town, must walk many miles or pay their hard-earned money to travel. Still, as medical relief, with board and lodging, is sure to find innumerable applicants, the remote hospital will doubtless fill its wards with invalids, but of that class whose claims are of very small urgency, and who might more properly be made out-patients. Another argument against its removal is, that it would put an end to the system, adopted in all first-class hospitals in every civilized country, of having the attendance of physicians and surgeons the most eminent in their profession, the leaders in private practice; thus enabling the poor, equally with the rich, to profit by the highest skill of the day. Though some eminent London practitioners might still, at fixed times, visit the hospital for consultation, they could not be called upon, as now, for extemporaneous attendance in cases of emergency. The responsibility for treatment of cases would thus fall upon resident officers, who would, no doubt, conscientiously do their duty; but the standard of skill would be lowered. Nor could the hospital continue to be the seat of an important medical school, since, when almost wholly transformed, as it would be, into an asylum for chronic diseases, it would have lost the attractions which there are in active hospital service, for men whose hearts are in their profession; and with its diminished resources for instruction, neither zealous teacher nor zealous pupil would find in it a congenial field of labour. The efficiency of the hospital itself would then be fatally impaired through losing the unpaid services now rendered by a large staff of junior officers, resident and non-resident, as house-surgeons, dressers, clinical clerks, assistant accoucheurs, and so forth, who are selected yearly or half-yearly from among the deserving students of the school. Without their services, it is difficult to see how the work of the charity can be carried on. The physicians and surgeons say they cannot imagine for what proper hospital purpose so large an extent of land as 30 or 40 acres can be required, since the site of the old hospital, including officers' residences and various open spaces, with a garden to which patients were not admitted, measured less than four acres. The new hospital need not occupy more space than the six or seven acres which its buildings, with courtyards much larger than those of the old one, may cover. The very great wealth of St. Thomas's Hospital, whose annual income has risen from £12,000 to £35,000 since the beginning of this century, and is still rapidly increasing,—besides the large sum of £296,000 paid to it by the Charing-cross Railway Company for the express purpose of providing a new site and new buildings,—must be amply



sufficient to purchase in London as much land as is required. The plea of inadequate means, and the cheapness of a country site, must therefore be rejected as worthless. A more plausible, but still a fallacious argument, is that of the healthiness of a country site. No doubt, in general, life is more vigorous, and freer from disease, in the country than in town, because the habits and occupations of people are healthier in the country, and because in towns many people dwelling in badly ventilated courts and alleys, or ill-kept houses, with bad drainage, overcrowding, and filth, are breathing impure air. Neither of these influences can affect the patient in a well-kept London hospital, the sanitary advantages of which are such as to compensate for wanting the brighter and purer common atmosphere of the country. With regard, however, to convalescents and chronic invalids, country residence is often desirable for them, that they may spend some hours of the day in the open air, enjoying the sunshine and scenery; there are many, too, for whom temporary residence in various special climates, inland or seaside, dry or moist, relaxing or bracing, exposed or sheltered, is desirable according to their disease. But for these, partial provision is already made in the establishments at Margate, for scrofulous diseases; at Bournemouth, for lung diseases; and for convalescents, at Walton-upon-Thames. It is recommended, therefore, that St. Thomas's Hospital shall subscribe to the funds of those sister charities, instead of assuming their special functions. Convalescents should not linger amid the sad scenes of hospital life; and a system of pecuniary aid, enabling them, somewhat at their own choice, to take the benefit of country air, would comfort and benefit them much more. The physicians and surgeons, finally, disapprove of the compromise, or mixed plan, of fixing the main hospital establishment in the country, and having in London a receiving house of 100 beds. This would only create discord and confusion. They suggest that the governors may, if so inclined, enlarge their beneficence by establishing branch hospitals in suitable special climates, and tributary dispensaries in town and country, besides providing in some way for invalids and convalescents. But just now, before all other objects, it is imperatively needful to restore the hospital, as near as may be, in the heart of London, to minister, as it has for three centuries, to those emergencies of disease and accident which are innumerable in so vast a city. The Governors' Committee did not think fit to consult the physicians and surgeons upon this matter, in preparing to ask the assent of the Court of Chancery to a plan for reconstructing the hospital. We are sure, however, that in the public judgment the greatest weight will be attached to their opinion.

## Reviews of Books.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.\*

THE "Life of Christopher North" is an attractive title; and no one, we think, who is attracted by it will be disappointed. Mrs. Gordon has not only given us a pleasing biography,—she has written a very interesting book. Readers of these volumes will not, indeed, find any "estimate" of Professor Wilson ready made to their hands. But they will find what is much more valuable—all the materials enabling them to form such an estimate for themselves, fully and fairly stated. And they will find, besides, a great deal of literary anecdote, and some curious portraits of literary men. It is not often that any biography—it is very seldom that a biography by a near relation—can be praised unreservedly. Yet this is the case with the present work. Materials somewhat scanty have been put together with great skill, and the result is an exceedingly life-like memoir. Mrs. Gordon writes, not only like an affectionate daughter, but like an accomplished lady. Her style is, on the whole, singularly pure; and her familiarity with literature quite uncommon, though without the smallest trace of ostentation. The book, in many respects, reminds us of the graceful memoir of Sydney Smith, by his daughter, Lady Holland; indeed, in some points it is the better of the two. We have never read anything in the same style penetrated with deeper feeling, and controlled with more perfect taste, than the chapter called "Closing Years." This memoir is not likely to alter any opinion which readers may have formed with regard to Professor Wilson's position in literature. Indeed, it does not profess to do so. Mrs. Gordon certainly makes no attempt to conceal her almost reverential admiration. She considers her father "the beau-ideal of what a critic should be, whose judgments will live as *parts* of literature, and not merely talk about it." On the other hand, we have none of that absurd exaggeration which made an enthusiastic critic justly ridiculous when he pronounced one of Wilson's characters to manifest a wisdom as profound as that of Socrates, and a humour as rich as that of Falstaff. We have, in fact, no estimate whatever of Wilson's writings, and we cannot regret the omission. Women are seldom good critics: that a daughter should be competent for such an office would be a strange and a not very attractive phenomenon. Professor Wilson's works have been long ago published, and long ago criticised: we do not propose to go over the ground again. But we have in this memoir some information on a novel point; viz., the manner in which "the Professor," as he loved to be called, discharged the duties of his academical office. Two students give, at some length, their recollections of his manner in the lecture-room; and one of them furnishes an analysis of the course, and reproduces a specimen of one particular lecture, which, it appears, was widely celebrated. The result is strange to our southern ideas; and, as regards teaching, not satisfactory. We find nothing at all resembling what an Oxford man calls "science." We have some fine thinking, and a sadly disproportionate quantity of fine writing; but of anything like a scientific teaching of moral philosophy, no trace whatever. We have the lecturer in perfection; the teacher, we suspect, by no means at his best. Professor Wilson was just the man to carry the defects of the Scotch system to an extreme. The following scene, originating in the too free indulgence of the oratorical vein, seems out of place in a philosophical lecture-room:—

"The Professor had begun the lecture by a very earnest and powerful defence of nationality or patriotism against the attacks of those who prefer a spirit of cosmopolitanism. In the course of this, he had occasion to refer to the views of

Coleridge and Chenevix on the character of fallen nations, and particularly to the very peculiar relation in which Scotland had long stood to England; and in dealing with this latter point he was proceeding with the remark, that 'the great Demosthenes of Ireland, the ruler of seven millions of the finest peasantry in the world, had presumed to say at a public meeting that the reason Scotland had never been conquered was that Scotland had never been worth conquering.' I do not know how the lecture as written would have dealt with this charge, for the remark led to an interruption of its delivery. Some Irish students, resenting the contemptuous tone in which their great hero was mentioned, and especially taking offence, perhaps justly, at the comical way in which the word '*pizzantry*' was pronounced, raised first a hiss, and then a howl, which provoked counter-cheering from the more numerous Conservatives present, till the class-room became for a few minutes something like Babel or a bear-garden. For a little the Professor looked calmly on; but at last, fairly roused by the unusual uproar, he threw his notes aside, and drowning all noise by the stentorian pitch of voice in which he repeated the sentence that had provoked it all, he on the spur of the moment burst forth in a most eloquent and effective denunciation of all demagogues, and of all Irish demagogues in particular, showing in return for O'Connell's contemptuous remark about Scotland, the exact number of English pikemen and archers that had sufficed for the total subjugation of Ireland; and in castigation of those of his students that had hissed him, launching all the shafts of his raillery, and these were both numerous and sharp, at modern Radicalism, and its cant phrase, 'March of Intellect.'"

In a word we can hardly accept Professor Wilson's estimate of himself, that he was "thoroughly logical and argumentative; not a rhetorician, as fools aver." On the other hand, never did Professor feel deeper interest in his students, or show greater kindness towards them. He was ever ready to aid them with advice, with the encouragement of friendly intercourse, and even with more tangible assistance. He had his reward in their enthusiastic affection, which his biographer justly considers "something more to be thought of than the proudest literary fame." Nor can there be any doubt that moral philosophy, if not perhaps strictly taught as a science, was most certainly inculcated as a duty. Every student of Wilson's must have heard from his lips all that is best calculated to awaken generous sentiment and to stimulate honourable action; and such teaching has its merits after all.

The literary life of Christopher North involves, almost of necessity, the origin and progress of *Blackwood's Magazine*. To all who love literary anecdote, the portion of the memoir which treats of this theme will prove singularly interesting. We cannot add that it will prove pleasing reading. On the contrary, Wilson's share in the license of the early years of *Blackwood* is the one thing in his history which his admirers will regret; and which, we cannot help thinking, he must often have himself regretted. Mrs. Gordon's defence is, that when those virulent attacks were made on Wordsworth, Coleridge, Playfair, Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt,—in a word, on some of the best and most distinguished men then living,—Professor Wilson was not in that position of influence as regarded the conduct of the Magazine to which he afterwards attained. We are constrained to say that we cannot think this defence satisfactory. Many of the men assailed, and assailed repeatedly, were Wilson's personal friends. Had he remonstrated firmly at the first, the cause of offence would have been discontinued. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that he did not so remonstrate; in other words, that he postponed the feelings of his friends to the success of the magazine. But Wilson, at his worst, came far short of the malignity of Lockhart. The most discreditable things in *Blackwood* of that time—and more discreditable things never were in English literature—all came from the pen of the future editor of the *Quarterly*. The candour and honesty with which what was necessary of these old-world scandals is here told, does Mrs. Gordon great credit. She does not even shrink from giving an instance where Professor Wilson and Lockhart clearly had the worst of it. The two *Blackwood* contributors sent a challenge to the writer of a pamphlet in which their scurrility had been sharply exposed. The challenged author said he was quite ready to fight, if the challengers would acknowledge the authorship of the articles which he had condemned. Under such circumstances, it was hardly chivalrous to maintain the anonymous. Nor can we in fairness forget that, even when Professor Wilson rose into a position of commanding influence with *Blackwood*, the tone of that periodical was never kindly. We should like to know who wrote the article sending Keats "back to his gallipots!" Wilson was, beyond question, a brilliant critic of great authors. Few men have written more showy criticism than his essays on Homer and on Spenser. But he was not an encouraging critic towards young authors, and in some instances his injustice was grievous. His political papers were even coarser and less generous; but with politics we have nothing at present to do, beyond noticing the fact that this cause of quarrel passed away with advancing years. It is pleasant to find that the latter part of Professor Wilson's life was spent in cordial intimacy with Jeffrey, Cockburn, Rutherford, and the other Whig leaders of Edinburgh; that it was a Whig Ministry which granted him a well-merited pension; and that, almost the last time he ever appeared on the streets of Edinburgh, he was driven from a sick-bed to the polling-booth to record his vote for Lord Macaulay.

In private life Wilson must have been truly admirable,—a delightful companion, and a deeply affectionate relative. In depicting this aspect of his character, Mrs. Gordon has laboured much, and has laboured successfully. We have perhaps rather too many domestic letters. But whenever the biographer intervenes, weariness disappears. Nothing can be more graphic than such sketches as the following, and nothing can convey more certainly the impression of a good and loveable man:—

"But in his tales, his *Recreations*, and his poetry, the true nature of the man, as he lived at home, is to be found. In the simple ways of his daily life, I see him as he sometimes used to be, in his own room, surrounded by his family,—the prestige of greatness laid aside, and the very strength of his hand softened, that he might gently caress the infant on his knee, and play with the little ones at his feet. And many a game was played with fun and frolic; stories were told, barley-sugar was eaten, and feasts of various kinds given. 'A party in grand-papa's room' was ever hailed with delight. There was to be seen a tempting display of figs, raisins, cakes, and other good things, all laid out on a table set and covered by himself; while he, acting on the occasion as waiter, was ordered about in the most unceremonious fashion.

"He was in his latter years passionately fond of children: his grandchildren were his playmates. A favourite pastime with them was fishing in imaginary rivers and lochs, in boats and out of them; the scenery rising around the anglers

\* A Memoir of John Wilson, late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. By his Daughter, Mrs. Gordon. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1862.



with magical rapidity, for one glorious reality was there to create the whole, fishing-rods, reels and basket, line and flies—the entire gear. What shouts and screams of delight as ‘the fun grew fast and furious,’ and fish were caught by dozens, Goliath getting his phantom trout unhooked by his grandfather, who would caution him not to let his line be entangled in the trees; and so they would go on.”

We have said that much pleasant gossip about literature and literary men is to be found in these volumes. As a specimen of what readers may expect, we quote the following curious description of Mr. De Quincey’s style of speaking:—

“I remember his coming to Gloucester-place one stormy night. He remained hour after hour, in vain expectation that the waters would assuage and the hurly-burly cease. There was nothing for it but that our visitor should remain all night. The Professor ordered a room to be prepared for him, and they found each other such good company that this accidental detention was prolonged, without further difficulty, for the greater part of a year. During this visit some of his eccentricities did not escape observation. For example, he rarely appeared at the family meals, preferring to dine in his own room at his own hour, not unfrequently turning night into day. His tastes were very simple, though a little troublesome, at least to the servant who prepared his repast. Coffee, boiled rice and milk, and a piece of mutton from the loin, were the materials that invariably formed his diet. The cook, who had an audience with him daily, received her instructions in silent awe, quite overpowered by his manner; for, had he been addressing a duchess, he could scarcely have spoken with more deference. He would couch his request in such terms as these:—‘Owing to dyspepsia afflicting my system, and the possibility of any additional disarrangement of the stomach taking place, consequences incalculably distressing would arise, so much so indeed as to increase nervous irritation, and prevent me from attending to matters of overwhelming importance, if you do not remember to cut the mutton in a diagonal rather than in a longitudinal form.’”

On the whole, it would be flattery to deny that Professor Wilson had his faults,—the faults of a passionate and impulsive temper. On the other hand, the language not of flattery, but of truth and soberness, will pronounce that those faults were not deliberate, that that temper had nothing akin to malice or meanness. He estimates himself highly, but we think justly, when he says that he feels himself “free from jealousy, spite, envy, and uncharitableness.” His life was undoubtedly worthy to be written, and his daughter has written it in a manner which does justice to the subject, and does honour to herself.

#### DR. WHEWELL’S ADDITIONAL LECTURES.\*

It is one of the greatest and most just boasts of the present age that it has laid the foundation of the inductive study of human nature, by the zeal and appreciative fidelity with which it has studied the thoughts and history of ancient times. More and more every day we condescend to cast out from our minds the idols of preconceived opinion about Greece, and Rome, and India, and to interpret ancient history and thought each by the light of the other, instead of by our own experience and philosophy. But so great is the effort, and so laborious the patient training required for this all-important object, that it is not strange that there are still many writers who dislike to allow their prejudices to be perpetually rebuked by facts, and prefer the pleasanter search for ancient parallels to modern ideas. There are still many translators and commentators who think that they have then best understood or interpreted an ancient author, when they have expressed him in a form as nearly modern as may be without gross mistranslation. Nowhere is this idol of conformity so mischievous as in the history of moral ideas. It is of the utmost importance that the historical character of morality should be clearly recognized, that it should be plainly seen that ethical ideas of duty improve with the other improvements of the human race. It is not only that there is otherwise a danger of the relative importance of duties being confused, and of a moral rule which might in one age be beneficially exaggerated, being perpetuated in an exaggerated form in all future time; but the belief that morality is progressive, that it has always varied in the most important points, according to differences of ages, races, and philosophic systems, is our best ground for hopes of ultimate improvement. In moral principles, more perhaps than in anything else, the most fundamental distinctions may easily be hidden under what may seem at first sight to be only minute variations of expression; and no greater disservice can be done to philosophy than to hide the differences of views by exaggerating the superficial likeness. Dr. Whewell is a great offender in this point. He has published some lectures on the history of morality, in which he has presented much that is common, and some things which are peculiar to various systems, with a great deal of the clearness and ability which may always be looked for from him; but he has also entirely failed to appreciate many of the differences which distinguish the ethics of ancient writers from ours and from each other. He has a perpetual tendency to represent the distinctive ideas of their moral philosophy as variations rather of arrangement or of words than of real meaning.

It is not too much to say of Dr. Whewell, that though he is fond of writing on the subject, that he has not the least notion of what either Plato or Aristotle meant by human perfection, or of the arguments and result of the Nicomachean ethics. His criticism proceeds on a fundamental misconception of the whole argument in all its parts and in all its bearings—a misconception which follows as a matter of course from ignorance of the meaning which Aristotle attached to two or three of the words which he uses most commonly, and defines most carefully. We shall first give a summary of Dr. Whewell’s statements and criticisms, and then proceed to compare them with what Aristotle really said. The lecturer tells us correctly enough that the questions—What is virtue? What is our duty? What is right? have been the points to which moralists in every age have directed their efforts, and that according to the different answers which they have given they have divided themselves into sects and schools, and carried on from generation to generation the war of argumentation. He then goes on to say that Aristotle’s view of the highest end or object for which man can live is that “happiness, or the highest human good, is the activity of the

mind according to virtue” (p. 31). Again: “Happiness is,” he says, “the activity of the soul in the way of virtue, and in a complete life” (p. 33). Again, he translates *εὐπραγία μετ’ ἀρετῆς*, “prosperity with virtue” (p. 38); and he remarks, with some severity, that Aristotle has corrupted Plato’s simpler and higher view of virtue as the object of life by adding to it the external condition of prosperity. Had he been right in his interpretation of Aristotle he would have had some ground for charging such a view with want of unity, and with giving no clear statement of a rule of life. The external and the internal standards might, as he remarks, often have been at variance. But in reality the whole statement and the appended criticism depend on a mis-translation of the two words *εὐδαιμονία* and *ἀρετή*. The first does not mean “happiness,” nor the second “virtue,” in anything like our senses of the words. So far are those meanings from being things to be assumed and argued from, that the whole of the “Ethics” has no other object than to discover the proper sense of the two words, and the result arrived at is that they mean something which is very nearly diametrically opposite to our “happiness” and “virtue.” The “Ethics” may be regarded as one great definition, in which it is explained that *εὐδαιμονία* is a life according to *ἀρετή*, with certain external conditions added, and that *ἀρετή* is twofold, one part nearly corresponding to our “philosophy,” and the other to our “virtue;” the latter being throughout consistently treated as subordinate to the former, and standing to it in the relation of a means to an end. In fact, the “Ethics” holds in the history of morality the singular position of being the one great work in which the paramount superiority of intellect over morality is maintained, and speculative thought set up as the one great object of life. Aristotle does not, indeed, deny to moral virtue its place in human perfection, partly as being the only means to the higher end, and partly also on its own ground, but he does emphatically deny that it is itself the highest object, and he writes chiefly for the purpose of denying it. It would be easy to multiply quotations to prove this view of the matter, but it depends rather on the whole connection of the argument of the “Ethics” than on any isolated passages. It is quite impossible to read the book as a whole without coming to this conclusion, and if some other commentators have fallen into the same mistake as Dr. Whewell, it is because they have accustomed themselves to consider it piecemeal, and have failed to see the connection of the parts. As for the lecturer himself, it is doubtful whether he has read more than the first half. At least, he speaks of the more important books as of distant and doubtful things which he has heard have their admirers, but of which he hardly claims to have had any near view in person. If he would interpret Aristotle by the help of Aristotle himself, instead of by the help of a dictionary, he would run less risk of substituting for ancient ideas modern misconceptions.

We have given the first place to Dr. Whewell’s comments on Aristotle, because he is here most palpably and consistently wrong, but it would be easy to show that he is hardly less incompetent to deal with Plato. Plato is nearly as far as Aristotle from regarding moral virtue, as we understand the term, as the object of life. With him, indeed, it holds its own more stoutly, but at most he does not consider it as more than a co-ordinate means with philosophy and the love of beauty for an approach to assimilation to the divine nature. But such distinctions seem to the lecturer to be without a difference. He marks all his own divisions as with broad gashes of a blunt axe, and naturally disregards lines more delicately traced. It is no wonder that just as he failed to see the distinction between virtue and philosophy, so to him the fundamental discrepancies between Aristotle and Plato resolve themselves into little more than slight variety of psychological classification. How far from slight the variation really is, it would be easy to show if we had space to draw out the ideal man as he is conceived by each; to contrast the negative morality, the pride, the selfish friendship, the barren and self-contained intellectuality of the one, with the active goodness, the enthusiastic friendship, the passionate love, and the ideal philosophy, which are the steps by which the other climbs upwards to a divine exemplar. The common element would hardly go farther than the pursuit of philosophy by both, and that in totally different senses and as only a part of the life of the one, but the prime object of the other. Yet all the innumerable differences are summed up by the lecturer in the remark (p. 33) that Aristotle and Plato both make the perfection of life to consist in the government of the passions by the reason; only with the addition, on the part of Aristotle, of the inconsistent appendage of a certain amount of external prosperity. If humour has, like wit, anything to do with the perception of unexpected points of likeness between dissimilar things; and if, as is commonly held, imagination consists in uniting conceptions never united in nature, then the detractors who deny to Dr. Whewell humour and imagination must henceforward be mute for ever.

Aristotle’s moral system is very imperfect according to our ideas, and Plato’s is, perhaps, still more imperfect and confused. Hardly a single one of their moral conceptions has any exact parallel in our ethics. Christianity has turned the whole subject round, and given to us not merely a more complete but a totally different point of view; and to express one system in terms of the other is to ignore the whole moral progress of the world for 2,000 years. This is what Dr. Whewell has done, besides the confusion which he has made in ancient systems as between themselves. Yet perhaps his errors of interpretation, great as they are, can hardly be pointed out as the worst of the lecturer’s shortcomings. Many misstatements of facts may be forgiven to a writer who succeeds in transfusing into his pages some of the spirit of his originals. Here Dr. Whewell’s failure is especially signal. His lectures seem to be compiled for the purpose of filling a gap in a scheme of omniscience. He dissects and analyzes so far as is necessary to supply the missing province of morality in his encyclopædic classification of all thoughts and things, but the observer is sunk in the classifier, and the spirit and life have wholly vanished in the dissection. A reader of Plato is astonished to find such a *caput mortuum* as the bare list of the four virtues, Wisdom, Temperance, Courage, and Justice, as the result of all Plato’s high thinking and delicate ideal handling of the deepest problems of individual and social life. We have shown what disappointment awaits in Dr. Whewell’s pages those who have taken the trouble to master the conception of the highest aim of life as it was understood by the clearest and most consistent, if not the most interesting, of all writers on human nature. If his account of the Stoics is more satisfactory, it is because their morality was practical and not ideal, and requires for its exposition only accuracy without

\* Additional Lectures on the History of Moral Philosophy. By William Whewell, D.D., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. 1862.



imagination. Yet even here Dr. Whewell is eminently unsuggestive. Perhaps the secret of his failure may be that his own morality is too secure and dogmatic to allow him to imagine that there ever can have been, or can be, entirely different views on points which are axioms to him. An employer is perhaps not the best man to understand the feelings and position of the working classes; and it is possible that a deficient moral sense is a necessary qualification for a writer who would invest with interest and meaning the moral theories of thinkers who lived in different ages and in different constitutions of society.

#### ROMAN HISTORY AT ROME.\*

WE are led to review this book at the present moment, in order to induce those who are preparing to migrate to Rome for the winter to give it a place in their luggage. There are many worse books and useless packages which may be left behind in its favour. Every traveller who has been to Rome knows the bewilderment felt at the first sight of the number of objects presented to him; and even if he determines to confine his chief attention to the remains of classical Rome, and takes his first walk, as every one does, to the Forum, he finds himself in the midst of monuments of different dates,—from the native rock of the Capitoline, to the arch of Constantine. The same sense of confusion attends him wherever he goes. Architecture of various ages, and materials used at different epochs, present themselves at once before him. The remains of Imperial Rome jostle those of the Republic. It is a work of no small difficulty to separate them in imagination. Under these circumstances, M. Ampère offers himself as a cicerone, and proposes to show us the ruins in connection with the history of the epochs at which the buildings were erected. He is a Frenchman, who has spent many years at Rome in laborious and anxious study of the subject, and is a thorough enthusiast. With amusing and pardonable vanity he states his qualifications:—

"I have arrived, thanks to this labour, at a knowledge of my bearings in ancient Rome, almost as well as if I had lived there. I have lived there, so to speak, walking there constantly in imagination, while going about the Rome of the present, which disappeared from before me so as to allow me to see at each step a temple, a portico, a basilica, a palace; following some ancient street often indicated even at the present day by a modern street; meeting Cicero in the vicolo which led from the Sacred Way to the house of Clodius, his neighbour and enemy; or Horace, at the point where he was first accosted by the bore, while in a brown study, among the shops of the Sacred Way. I can fix the point almost exactly, and have amused myself more than once in accompanying him, pursued by his plague, across the Tiber, and up to Caesar's Gardens. I know the residences, and, if I may dare to say so, the addresses of most of the celebrated men of the Republic and of the Empire,—not to speak of those of the kings, the address of Valerius Publicola, of Manlius, of Scipio Africanus, of Pompey, of Sylla, of Lucullus, of Crassus. Without having to ask my way often, I could go in search of Ennius, in his cottage on the Aventine, where he lived attended by one female slave; of Terence, in his beautiful gardens, outside the Porta Capena; and in returning from the house of Pliny the younger, established 'en grand Seigneur,' on the Esquiline, catch a glimpse of poor Martial climbing the muddy ascent of the bustling Suburra, or else go and find him at home, on the Quirinal, in the little narrow street where he lived in a third story."

If we take him as our guide, we shall begin the study of Roman monuments with a geological lecture. Riding on the Campagna is now an institution of English life at Rome, and as every year distances are less regarded, we suggest to the riders to make an expedition to the top of Monte Cavo, and to compare Mons. Ampère's chapter on the formation of the Roman soil with the view spread out beneath. He has obviously taken great pains with this chapter; and even at the risk of spoiling his picturesque description, we shall introduce him better by an analysis of it, than by a series of criticisms on his work. We will then suppose ourselves on Monte Cavo, and will follow his words as closely as possible.

The waves, he tells us, which are now separated from the Apennines by the Roman Campagna, formerly washed their base. The azure semicircle, which begins at Soracte and ends at the mountains of Tivoli, formed a large and open bay. On the northern extremity of this rugged and curved shore, rose the isolated summit of Soracte, in form and colour resembling even now a blue island of the Egean. On the south, the semicircle was terminated by a high promontory, now Monte Gennaro. The Campagna and the site of Rome were beneath the waters. The hills of Tusculum and the Alban group,—on the highest peak of which we are standing,—had not yet been raised by volcanic action; and further to the south, the sea covered the space now occupied by the Pontine marshes, and reached to Cape Circello. The slopes of the Apennines were clothed with the semi-tropical vegetation of Sicily and of Egypt, and were the abode of the elephant, the mastodon, and the hippopotamus. At the bottom of the sea were deposits of blue and grey clays, covered by a bed of yellow sand. This yellow sand is still found on a part of the Janiculum, and has given the name of San Pietro in Montorio—or on the Golden Mountain—to a church there. It formed also the shore, on which grew pine forests, like those of Castel Tusano near Ostia, for the *débris* are found in the shingle.

The sites of Rome and the Campagna were produced by volcanic agency. The seven hills were raised, most probably, by a submarine eruption; but in using the word volcanic we must bear in mind that these primitive volcanoes differ from those of subsequent ages in having neither craters nor streams of lava. The whole Campagna bears traces of being the result of these combined marine and volcanic forces. Igneous products were rolled about into a consistent mass at the bottom of the sea till the tufa was formed, which is the basis of the Campagna. There is no way of accounting, except by this action of water, for the vegetable and animal remains found in the tufa. A still stronger proof is afforded by the stratification. The volcanic substances must have been held in the state of mud or sand in the sea, and then deposited in horizontal beds. As you look over the surface, the round shape of the small hills indicates that a soft material has been kneaded and moulded by the waters of the sea, till it seems to have reproduced their undulations. The tufa is in some places, as on the Capitoline hill, hard like stone; in others, as on the Janiculum, it is granular. In the solid state, it is called *peperino*;

when it passes into sand, *pozzuolano*. Thus, the hills of Rome themselves are volcanic, but marine deposits are found at the base of all, and may actually be seen in the vaults at the foot of the Tarpeian Rock.

A later epoch brought real volcanoes. One of these formed the great crater of which the Alban hills are the *débris*, and had its centre in the depression known as Campo di Annibale. This crater has fallen in, but has left three smaller craters still visible, the Lake of Albano, the Lake of Nemi, and Vallericia. The stream of lava which reaches from the hills to the Tomb of Cæcilia Metella, within three miles of Rome, is another record of this epoch.

This eruption raised the soil, and the sea made way for fresh-water lakes. The history of this age of lakes is written everywhere on the Campagna. We constantly see hollows with level bottoms, surrounded by small hills—the ancient shore—except at the point which formed the outlet of the lake. The site of Rome was itself a lake. Deposits, bearing the impress of leaves and fresh-water shells, may be traced along the Pincian, the Esquiline, and the Aventine, about 130 feet above the Tiber, thus marking the former elevation of the water. In these lakes were deposited vast masses of travertine, such as those of the Aventine, at Tivoli, and in the quarries near Ponte Lucano. These last are in the face of a tract which extends over several square miles, and is at its highest points higher than the neighbouring river Anio. Its sub-aqueous formation is shown by the fossilized beds and marsh plants found in it. We may imagine the scale of the operations which produced the old travertine from seeing the process, in dwindled proportions, still going on. Travertine is still being deposited in small quantities in the Lago de Tartari and the Solfatara, on the road to Tivoli. When the volcanoes had ceased to raise the soil, they continued to give forth acids and gases, which acted on the limestone of the Apennines, and thus piled up in the broad and lacustrine depressions beneath these fields of travertine.

There is another feature well known to riders in the Campagna. The hillocks present at places rough and abrupt sides, and we come often unexpectedly upon broad chasms deeply cut in the rolling surface. They are the marks probably of channels.

"During the period we have just passed, Nature was already preparing the materials of the superb edifices of Rome. The sea was depositing those clays of the Vatican fitted for the manufactures of a solid brick, of which plates were made in the time of Juvenal, and of which tiles are made at the present day. Ancient volcanic forces have produced the tufa, which, drawn principally from the Capitol, where there were, from very ancient times, quarries, has furnished materials for the buildings of the age of the kings; the *peperino*, which was especially employed under the Republic; *pozzuolano*, fitted for the composition of a tenacious cement, the principal cause of the duration of the Roman monuments. The era of the lakes saw the birth of the masses of travertine, which the empire was to use, while the more recent volcanoes gave the Romans the indestructible pavement of their roads."

Before leaving this subject, M. Ampère calls our attention to another point. The ride from Rome to Monte Cavo takes us through Rocca di Papa, and we cannot fail to have compared the healthy appearance of its villagers living on a cindery soil half way up the hill, with the fever-stricken look of the scattered inhabitants of the plain. "Malaria is a feature of the Roman climate which time unhappily has not effaced." It desolates the Campagna, and renders half Rome uninhabitable during several months in summer. The sudden desertion of the Pincian Gardens by the crowd of loungers just before sunset, is, to a stranger, the most striking instance of the precautions, with regard to it, observed by Romans. M. Ampère has put together the allusions and passages in classical authors which throw light on the condition of the climate formerly. The air of Rome was unhealthy in the times of the Republic and of the Empire, but less so than at present. The cause is unknown, though many are assigned. Spots which, from their position, a common observer would suppose healthy, are often unsafe, as the Villa Albani, the Pincian Gardens, and Monte Mario, the highest and most airy parts of Rome. But one fact appears certain. The influence of malaria is lessened by cultivation and the presence of men. The husbandman in the country wards it off by lighting fires, and in Rome the most crowded part, the Ghetto, is the least affected by it. As the Campagna has become depopulated, it has gained ground. Here and there it has changed its haunts, but in general it has remained in the same places with remarkable constancy. Antium was always healthy in the midst of an unhealthy shore, and Porto d'Anzio is so now. Tacitus speaks of the Vatican as notoriously unhealthy, and at the present day the Pope can never remain there during the summer.

In primitive times malaria must have been still more rife. The checks were fewer and the conditions favourable to it more active. At the period of its earliest settlement the Campagna was covered with trees, with more lakes and deeper and wider water-courses. The plain reached only to the points where the alluvial deposits begin which have made the present sea-shore, and was bounded by immense lagoons on the side of the Pontine marshes.

These features have changed, but some have not changed,—the brilliancy of the light and the beauty and clearness of the atmosphere. The mountains which form the frame of the Roman landscape, present nearly the same spectacle as they did thirty centuries ago; the same wonderful lines, masses, and colour."

We can see at once that our cicerone is an enthusiast; further acquaintance will soon show us some of his faults. Like many of his brethren he is decidedly gossiping and credulous. He confesses to great interest in "twilight history." With these tastes it is no wonder that he disposes summarily of Sir George Lewis. "Good sense recoils when such things are read, not in the cabinet of a German *savant*, or of an English statesman, however distinguished they may be, but at Rome, in presence of localities of which the ancient configuration is always perfectly in agreement with the narrative of the historians; in presence of the monuments of which the remains are equally in agreement with these narratives,—narratives which may be as mutilated but are not more imaginary than the ruins, and not a whit more constructed by the credulity of ages." It is in vain to argue. We are overwhelmed with half a dozen pages, which none but a Frenchman could utter without a smile, in which all the conditions of credibility,—at least so far as he wishes us to believe,—are attributed to legendary history in the gross, without regard to the fact

\* *L'Histoire Romaine à Rome*. Par J. J. Ampère. Paris: Michel Lévy, Frères. 1862.



of their having been disproved in detail. The result is that he has led us through the history of the kings with a criticism affecting to be impartial, but in reality a strange mixture of puerility and ingenious research. The Rape of the Sabines affords a specimen. "Nothing," he says, "seems more probable in itself than such a rape. Refugees who wanted wives took some from their neighbours, this is highly credible." But there was not room enough for the races described in the legend,—and, besides, the subjects of Romulus possessed only oxen. The exhibition, therefore, was not one of horsemanship, but a "rustic amusement which consisted in jumping upon oiled ox-hides. This coarse entertainment, intended to provoke gaiety by the falls of those taking part in it, and of which more than one parallel may be met with in our village fêtes, seems much more in harmony with what must have been the manners of the herdsmen of the Palatine than horse-races like the Isthmian games celebrated by Pindar, which, perhaps, were too much in the minds of the authors who wrote the history of Romulus under Augustus."

Then, too, he has his pet theories. Three or four pages are devoted to proving a Basque element in Rome. The Esquiline Hill is made to pass over its Latin relations, *inquilinus* and *colere*, and trace its pedigree to two Basque ancestors, *Esk*, the national name, and *ilia*, a city. It would be just as reasonable to connect the word with the River Esk at Whitby. He takes the Sabines under his protection; and, in a still greater degree, "a mysterious race who marched across the world and rested nowhere," "whose name was pronounced by the ancients with a mixture of respect and fear,"—"the Titans of history,"—"the Wandering Jew of the nations,"—"the Pelasgi."

These are serious faults. Mommsen has delivered us from the necessity of pursuing useless and unsuccessful investigations in regions where certainty is unattainable. But Mommsen is, we suppose, the German *savant* classed above with the English statesman. The truth is, M. Ampère has not sufficient judgment or acquaintance with comparative philology for independent researches in pre-historic times. The very first requisite is to perceive the limits of the knowledge which can be attained. One of his first sentences assures us that he has attained "a certainty nearly absolute on all important questions."

He is the more inexcusable because the monuments themselves pointed out to him a safer course. He might have passed from the geological formation of the building materials to the earliest remaining building—the Servian walls. Though erected in a period still legendary, they belong to the city of real history. A day at Rome is well spent in tracing systematically, by the help of Mr. Dyer's article on Rome, in the Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography, or even Murray's Handbook, the course of the Servian walls. Every one will return from the portions brought to light of late years on the Aventine, and at the foot of the Palatine, impressed with the fact that the earliest city called up before his imagination by the monuments was a fortified and powerful city, pre-eminent among its neighbours.

Looked at from this point, the legends fall into their proper place. M. Ampère is quite right in telling us each on its own hill. We are delighted to hear the story of Cacus on the Aventine, and to be taken, in a true antiquarian spirit, to "his supposed address, at the foot of the Aventine, Rue de la Salam, No. 14,"—even to be told by M. Ampère when there, that it is a "wrong address." But these legends are not nuts to be cracked in search of a kernel. They were the materials for poetry, and did duty as history in the Augustan age. No interest attaching to them, even as illustrations of the growth of myths, appears to us so great as this. Were there a literary chemistry which, by some subtle analysis, could extract from them a grain of truth—supposing it there,—that truth would not throw so much light on the past as the fact that Virgil worked up a series of them into the *Æneid*. As the subjects of his poetry and of the conversation and thoughts of his contemporaries, these stories bring us into contact, not with the heroes celebrated, but with the readers,—by far the better acquaintance of the two. One branch of study must be pursued at the expense of another, and there can be no doubt that the average knowledge of Roman history has been greatly lowered by the time and diligence diverted from the study of the Empire and of the later period of the Republic, to speculations about the Pelasgic and Etruscan races.

Still, with all these faults, M. Ampère's book is valuable. It is the only one of its kind. The legends are there, in many cases lightly and pleasantly told, with their topographical elucidations; and it is easy to omit the criticisms. Above all, he has a skilful and practised eye in tracing in the features of the present, resemblances to the ancient city. Thus, he tells us the great families of the Republic have their modern counterparts:—"What the Corneli were at Rome in ancient times, the Colonna were in the Middle Ages; and not far from the place formerly called *Vicus Corneli*, is a little street which still bears the name of *Vico dei Colonesi*." Again,—

"The modern villas are a faithful reproduction of the villas of antiquity. They are often situated on the same sites. The Villa of the Medici has succeeded to the gardens of Lucullus; the Villa Massimi to the gardens of Sallust, and the Villa Pamphili to those of Galba. There is the same mixture of statues, of water, and of verdure; the trees are still cut into green walls. A walk in a modern villa is a walk in ancient Rome."

The last instance we shall quote is curious. To call the notion Pelasgic is foolish; suffice it to say that it comes down from a very early date.

"A prejudice still received will show us at Rome the influence of the Pelasgi remaining even in our days. All the world knows the belief in the evil eye, all the world knows that there are few Romans who can rid themselves of some uneasiness when they meet a man whose look is considered as bringing misfortune. On this point popular folly goes so far as to attribute this influence to the mild look of the good and holy Pontiff who at present governs the Church, who, it must be owned, has not always and in everything met with success."

These two volumes carry us down to the invasion of Rome by the Gauls. We hope M. Ampère will not long delay the publication of the rest. Those who have read the papers out of which the book is made, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, know that their interest increases as Roman history assumes a more modern character. This is high praise, and we give it cheerfully. The vulgarest guide may conduct us to the cavern of Cacus, but few can so fully realize, and describe so feelingly the despotism of Augustus, as a really liberal Frenchman.

## LIVES OF THE ENGINEERS.—THE STEPHENSONS.\*

## SECOND NOTICE.

UNSATISFACTORY as was the condition of the Newcastle factory when Robert Stephenson arrived in England at the end of the year 1827, the influence of his return must not be measured by the change which took place in its management. Upon the success of that factory hung the question of the adoption of the locomotive upon railways; and it is almost certain that if young Stephenson had remained in South America, time and money would have been lost in trying inferior methods of applying the motive power, and the development of the railway system would have been delayed for years. Even as it was, the supporters of the locomotive had to fight an arduous battle. At the beginning of the year 1828 the works of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway were nearly completed; but the directors had not decided what power should be used upon it. The year was well advanced before the notion of employing horses was definitely rejected; and it was not till late in the following year that the dispute between the locomotive and the fixed engine was determined in favour of the former. The directors were embarrassed by the contradictory reports made to them by the eminent engineers they consulted, but, overcome by the persistence of their own engineer, George Stephenson, they at length resolved to test the capabilities of the locomotive by offering a prize of £500 for one best adapted to their purpose. The complete victory at the prize-contest of the engine, the Rocket, made by Robert Stephenson at the Newcastle factory, and the immediate determination thereupon to adopt the locomotive, have been already told by Mr. Smiles in the story of the life of George Stephenson; but we find many additional interesting particulars in the present volume. The father and son are again seen working together. Robert made frequent visits to Liverpool to assist his father in his reports to the directors, and to consult with him on the construction of the Rocket.

"Mr. Swanwick remembers the vivid interest of the evening conversations which took place between the father and son as to the best mode of increasing the powers and perfecting the mechanism of the locomotive. He wondered at their quick perception and rapid judgment on each other's suggestions, at the mechanical difficulties which they anticipated, and provided for, in the practical management of the machine; and he speaks of these evenings as most interesting displays of two actively ingenious and able minds, stimulating each other to feats of mechanical invention."

In spite, however, of forethought, they were obliged to undergo the teaching of experimental failures. The main novelty of the Rocket was the use of a multitubular boiler (suggested by Mr. Henry Booth); but there was a difficulty in fitting the tubes so as to prevent leakage. The first plan adopted proved a failure, and Robert wrote his father in despair; *by return of post he received a letter suggesting a new plan, which he had already anticipated*, and which proved thoroughly successful. At the trial in October, 1829, the Rocket beat all its competitors, and the adoption of the locomotive immediately followed. The locomotive contest had been so long, and so uncertain, that we cannot be surprised to find George Stephenson's memory often turning to it in after years. In 1845, on a visit to Belgium, the engineers of that country entertained him at a grand banquet at Brussels, and he was especially pleased at finding in a place of honour a model of a locomotive under a triumphal arch. Turning to a friend who was with him, he cried out, "Do you see the Rocket?" The original engine has not, however, been treated with much respect; it was long ago supplanted on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway by heavier engines; and after a subsequent inglorious career of drawing coals from a pit was again displaced, and for some time lay neglected in a yard; but we are informed that it is now being removed to the Museum of Patents at South Kensington.

In the same year (1829) Robert Stephenson was married to Miss Sanderson, the daughter of a London merchant. He once said to a friend, "I never had but two loves—my father and my wife," to which we may perhaps add a third—his profession. At the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, in September, 1830, we find him driving the second engine, the Phoenix; his father driving the first, the Northumbrian; and the Rocket, driven by Joseph Locke, following amongst others. All these engines were made under Robert's immediate superintendence, at the Newcastle establishment, which was, indeed, at that time the only engine factory in the kingdom.

In the course of 1830 Robert Stephenson was appointed engineer of the Leicester and Swannington Railway. Mr. Ellis, afterwards Chairman of the Midland Railway, whose death was announced about a week since, was the projector of the railway, but he was obliged to seek George Stephenson's help in procuring the necessary subscriptions. George, through his Liverpool connections, got the list filled, and was then asked to become the engineer; he refused because he had already enough upon his hands. Could he recommend any one? "Well, I think my son Robert is competent to undertake the thing." Would Mr. Stephenson be answerable for him? "Oh yes, certainly." Robert was, indeed, backed by his father's experience, for, during the progress of the works, he regularly corresponded with him on every point of difficulty. The son repaid his father's care; an estate bordering on the line was advertised for sale, and Robert, the *quondam* coal-viewer and geologist, believed that coal would be found beneath it; he suggested to his father to come over and see it, and, if he agreed with him, to purchase it. George came, was of his son's opinion, and, with the help of two Liverpool friends, made an investment profitable to himself and the whole neighbourhood. The town of Leicester alone is said to have saved £40,000 per annum through the reduction he was able to make in the price of coals.

From this time till his retirement from business, Robert Stephenson was constantly occupied as a railway engineer. The London and Birmingham, now merged in the London and North Western, engaged him and his father as joint engineers; and, amongst the other works he constructed, the Chester and Holyhead and the Newcastle and Berwick deserve especial notice as including the Conway and Britannia Tubular Bridges and the High Level Bridge at Newcastle. He repeated the design of the Britannia Bridge on a still larger scale in the Victoria Bridge across the St. Lawrence, a structure

\* *Lives of the Engineers.* By Samuel Smiles. Vol. III.—George and Robert Stephenson. London: John Murray. 1862.



only sixty yards short of two miles long. It would be impossible to enumerate his lesser works; he was appointed engineer of several railways in actual operation,—e. g., the Eastern Counties, the Northern and Eastern, the Blackwall; and as to projected railways, it is said that in one session he was engaged on behalf of thirty-three new schemes. In the original plan of the London and Birmingham it was proposed that the southern portion should pass to the east of the present route, through a corner of Hertfordshire, and arrive in London at King's Cross, the present terminus of the Great Northern; but the landowners of Herts strenuously resisted the scheme, and amongst them none was more vehement than Sir Astley Cooper. Robert Stephenson used to describe an interview they had with the retired surgeon, in the hope of removing his opposition. All their arguments were in vain. "Your scheme," said Sir Astley, "is preposterous in the extreme. Look at the recklessness of your proceedings! You are proposing to cut up our estates in all directions for the purpose of making an unnecessary road. Do you think for one moment of the destruction of property involved by it? Why, gentlemen, if this sort of thing be permitted to go on, you will in a very few years *destroy the noblesse!*" Land-owners, however, could be appeased by a deviation or by a sufficient consideration, but there was no way of avoiding the natural difficulties of constructing the line. Eleven firms were ruined by their contracts for different portions of it, and Nowell, who had undertaken the construction of the Kilsby Tunnel, was so overwhelmed by it, that though relieved by the company from his engagement, he took to his bed and died. The Kilsby Tunnel caused disquietude to others besides the contractor. Robert Stephenson often told a story of the parson of the parish waiting upon the foreman of a gang of navvies and remonstrating upon their working during Sunday: "The head navvy merely hitched up his trousers and said, 'Why, Soondays hain't cropt out here yet.'" In spite of this extra work it was not until September, 1838, that the London and Birmingham Railway was completed.

In the same year that the Birmingham line was opened George Stephenson surveyed the Chester and Holyhead Railway, but it was not till 1844 that the Act was passed and the work taken up and finished by his son. Long before that time, the father and son had found it necessary to establish an office in Great George-street, Westminster, the chosen home of railway engineers and parliamentary agents, where George would often be found years after his own retirement from business in 1840. He was sometimes at a loss what to do, and his son tells us that "he used to invite Bidder to have a wrestle with him for old acquaintance sake. The two wrestled together so often, and had so many 'falls' (sometimes I thought they would bring the house down between them), that they broke half the chairs in my outer office. I remember once sending my father a joiner's bill of about £2. 10s. for mending broken chairs." The old man continued to take great interest in all the works executed by his son, but perhaps his chief delight was in the scheme of the High Level Bridge at Newcastle, the place so intimately connected with all his history. A prospectus of it was issued in 1843, the names of George Stephenson and George Hudson appearing on the committee of management, and Robert Stephenson being the consulting engineer. The visitor to Newcastle, whether he has approached it by railway or has sailed up the Paddal-like gorge of the Tyne, knows that the town and its neighbour, Gateshead, are situated on the opposite sides of a deep ravine, through which the water flows. This ravine the bridge spans at a height of 130 feet above its bed, the length of the bridge and viaduct from station to station on the opposite sides being about 4,000 feet. An excellent drawing of the bridge, by Mr. Leitch, illustrates Mr. Smiles's work and shows its double use as a railway and an ordinary bridge, the railway being above and the carriage and footway beneath. A marvellous accident which occurred during its construction deserves to be recorded, if only on account of the moral attached to it:—

"A shipwright, at work upon the timber platform, stepping from the permanent to the temporary work, set his foot upon a loose plank, which canted over. Accidentally, however, a huge nail had been driven—no one knew why—into the end of a cross-bearer on which the temporary platform rested; and this nail-head catching the leg of the man's fustian trousers near the lower end, where he fell, held him suspended, head downwards, swinging to and fro, gazing at the river a hundred feet beneath him. The man's comrades ran to his assistance, and, placing a ladder from the lower bridge, they with difficulty rescued him from his perilous position. Being a devout Methodist, the shipwright attributed his preservation to the direct interposition of Providence in his behalf. In the course of about a week, however, a tailor's advertisement appeared in the local papers, containing a letter from the rescued workman himself, in which he gave the sole credit to the trousers, by which he had been suspended. On another tailor publishing his claim to the merit of having made them, a controversy between the tailors ensued, which may possibly remain unsettled to this day."

The bridge with which this accident will remain associated is composed of six arches, and its double use is contrived by constructing each arch of four main ribs, associated in pairs. Upon the back of the ribs the railway is carried, whilst, suspended from them, are wrought-iron vertical rods, connected by horizontal tie-bars, sustaining the carriage-road and footpaths. The carriage-way lies between the two inner ribs, and between each inner rib and the adjoining outer rib is the footway, six feet two inches broad. The whole bridge, though not so well known as the Britannia, is not inferior to it as a monument of engineering genius, and has, indeed, been called "the king of railway structures." It was opened on the 15th of August, 1849, before which time the Conway Bridge had been finished, and the first tube of the Britannia had been floated into its position. Sir Francis Head's graphic account of the tubular bridges is well known, but Mr. Smiles has narrated the history of their construction with fitting completeness, and his account will be read with interest. The enormous mental strain to which Robert Stephenson was subjected by the concurrence of such labours as the Newcastle and the Tubular Bridges was overwhelming:—

"Mr. Stephenson's anxiety was, of course, very great up to the time of performing this trying operation. When he had got the tube floated at Conway, and saw all safe, he said to Captain Moorsom, 'Now I shall go to bed.' But the Britannia Bridge was a still more difficult enterprise, and cost him many a sleepless night. Afterwards, describing his feelings to his friend, Mr. Gooch, he said, 'It was a most anxious and harassing time with me. Often at night I would lie tossing about, seeking sleep in vain. The tubes filled my head. I went

to bed with them, and got up with them. In the grey of the morning, when I looked across the square,\* it seemed an immense distance across to the houses on the opposite side. It was nearly the same length as the span of my tubular bridge!' When the first tube had been floated, a friend observed to him, 'This great work has made you ten years older.' 'I have not slept sound,' he replied, 'for three weeks.' Sir F. Head, however, relates, that when he revisited the spot on the following morning, he observed, sitting on a platform overlooking the suspended tube, a gentleman, reclining entirely by himself, smoking a cigar, and gazing, as if indolently, at the aerial gallery beneath him. It was the engineer himself, contemplating his new-born child."

Whilst these works were in progress, and before he was free from the anxiety attendant upon them, Robert Stephenson experienced a great loss. He had been left a childless widower in 1842,† and in 1848 George Stephenson died without seeing the completion of any of the bridges. The life of George Stephenson has long been a favourite with the public, and no one can have read it without being impressed with the sterling worth of his character. Honest and straightforward, he preserved through altered circumstances the simplicity of his earlier years. We would not willingly miss the wrestling matches in Great George-street, nor could we spare his delight in a "crowdie" night, or his affection for the lower animals. In his love for them, as in his perfect knowledge of the resources of mechanics, and the frankness of his relations with his workmen, we discover that unison with the order of nature in which lie the strength and beauty of his character. Upon the death of his father, Robert Stephenson inherited his wealth, and as this, joined to his own savings, made up an ample fortune, he resolved to retire from active business. He lived to see completed the Canadian Bridge and his tubular bridges in Egypt. One of his last works was helping his friendly rival, Brunel, to launch the *Great Eastern*; Brunel sent him a note one night begging his assistance, and the next morning at six he was in Scott Russell's yard. In the course of the day he fell up to his middle in Thames mud, and though urged to return, he remained at work till evening, but the penalty of his imprudence was an attack of inflammation of the lungs, which kept him for a fortnight in bed. In August, 1859, when on a visit to Norway, he was attacked with the illness which proved fatal: a succession of ills fell upon him, and he had scarcely returned when he died, on the 12th of October, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. He was buried by the side of Telford, in Westminster Abbey, where has been since placed a memorial window to his memory, over which a critic may be discreetly silent.

"In society Robert Stephenson was simple, unobtrusive, and modest, but charming and even fascinating to an eminent degree. Sir John Lawrence has said of him that he was, of all others, the man he most delighted to meet in England—he was so manly, yet gentle, and withal so great. While admired and beloved by men of such calibre, he was equally a favourite with women and children. He put himself upon the level of all, and charmed them no less by his inexpressible kindness of manner than by his simple yet impressive conversation."

In closing the third volume of the "Lives of the Engineers," we cannot but hope that we may receive some more volumes from Mr. Smiles. The *status* of the subjects of his biographies is perhaps not yet sufficiently settled: if there be, on the one side, a tendency to over-estimate their claims to the world's honour, there is certainly, on the other hand, a sluggish appreciation of the benefits they have conferred upon their fellow-men. The subject is too large to be entered upon at the end of an article, and any decision we might arrive at would affect but little the value of Mr. Smiles's work. Of the accuracy of his volumes an amusing proof occurs in the one before us. It appears that the first notice of George Stephenson's life, written by Mr. Smiles, was contained in a sketch contributed to *Eliza Cook's Journal*, in 1849, and in it are found two or three erroneous statements; amongst others, one that George in early life courted his second wife, but being rejected by her on account of his humble position, fell back on his first wife, who was a servant in the family. The writer of the article "George Stephenson," in the last edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," whilst censuring the life of the engineer, by Mr. Smiles, has referred to a "Biography in Brief," by himself, in which the errors in *Eliza Cook's Journal* are repeated almost *verbatim*; and Mr. Smiles has now the delicious pleasure of retorting upon his critic that he has condemned the revised work, on the strength of a hasty and erroneous sketch by the same author.

#### THE TWO CATHERINES.‡

"The Two Catherines" is a novel of very respectable mediocrity; and so even is its level in all its aspects, that a reviewer looks in vain along its smooth and monotonous surface for a salient point which may be made the subject of especial notice. No shining merits are there to stir his enthusiasm; nor is he lashed into frenzy as he reads, by nonsense such as may be found every day in fictitious narratives, the abundant offspring of prolific folly and vulgarity. The gentle, painstaking, and meritorious dulness of "The Two Catherines" disarms criticism, blunts the edge of objection, and leaves behind nothing more than a feeling of very sincere, if not impassioned, benevolence for its author. Everything in the book comes up to about the same standard. There is not much life or vigour in its style, but still it is sufficiently good, and is fully adequate to the expression of ideas of such a calibre as any of which it is made the vehicle. The narrative flows on in an easy and copious—indeed too easy and copious—stream, and is dotted with incidents enough, perhaps, to awaken and sustain the interest of an inveterate novel-reader; while those in whose breasts the fires of romance burn dimly or have gone out, will find no difficulty in laying down "The Two Catherines" at any given moment. Quite on a level with the style and the plot are the characters of the story and the delineation of them. The characters of the principal personages are drawn, for the most part, in distinct and harmonious colours; but then they are of a very commonplace and unattractive kind. It would be difficult to detect a flaw in the morality of the book, and its philosophy is so unexceptionable, that it might have been learnt at the

\* Gloucester-square, Hyde-park, where (at No. 34) he lived.

† Up to the close of his life he was accustomed twice a year to visit his wife's grave in Hampstead churchyard.

‡ The Two Catherines; or, Which is the Heroine? Two vols. Macmillan & Co.



feet of that king among popular Gamaliels, Mr. M. F. Tupper. To all his disciples and admirers—and their name is legion—we confidently recommend "The Two Catherines;" for the excellent author of this blameless novel is profoundly convinced, we are happy to think, that the world, with all its imperfections, is so ordered, that virtue, though in rags, will keep us warm, and is the best policy even here below; that while vice seemingly flourishes like a green bay-tree, it is haunted, night and day, by a sleepless "spirit of retribution;" and that, in the long run, honest and respectable stupidity must come victorious out of the struggle with wicked and unscrupulous cleverness, although it is necessary in writing novels to make the battle hard and long, for the sake of excitement, and to bring things to such a pass that the victory of virtue may be said to hang on the turn of a shilling, and that five minutes, more or less, would give the palm to vice.

The curtain rises upon "Chorley Hall"—a quaint and irregular old house, not many miles from Lichfield—towards the middle of the last century; and the owner, "Henry Noble, who found himself at the age of twenty-one the possessor of an honoured name and an ancient home, but with no adequate means to support either," appears wandering sadly through the lonely rooms, and undetermined on his course of life. Having at length resolved not to quit the house of his fathers, but remain and turn farmer, he dismisses all his household, with the exception of two servants who refuse to leave him—a man and a woman of the orthodox type, blunt, wayward, and imperious, but models of constancy and devotion; and soon he takes to wife "the vicar's gentle sister, whose somewhat large, unhandsome features might have been compared to the rough binding of the Holy Book as it was used in the Middle Ages, with its bronze bosses and heavy ponderous clasps;" but his union with this incarnate image of an antique Bible is not blessed with offspring, and this source of sorrow is only partially removed by an accident which introduces the future hero and one of the heroines of the story. These two, brother and sister, being, when first seen, two babes in a basket, with a "star-light smile" (whatever that may be) on their faces—are found by Mr. Noble in his barn, where they had been deposited in the previous night by their parents, who were fleeing from justice. Round the wrist of the male babe was tied a slip of paper, with the words, "Peter Foster, born October 6th, 1741," written upon it; and there was attached to the female babe a similar slip of paper, on which were the words, "Catherine Foster, born October 6th, 1741." Mr. Noble's desire to bring up the twins in his own childless home is crossed by the jealousy of his wife, and he is constrained to take them to the workhouse at Wolverhampton. When they had remained there till they were nearly eleven years old, Mr. Noble goes, in a sentimental mood, to bring them back to his own house, but then finds that the girl had been taken to London two years before by a woman who claimed her as a relative. The boy, however, returns to Chorley Hall, and there he remains till one fine day, when a lawyer (who is of course a mean-spirited and avaricious wretch) comes to the Hall bringing with him documents which make known to Peter Foster that both his parents had long ago died of yellow fever in Jamaica, and that a wealthy uncle had lately died in the same island leaving all his property to be divided between his nephew and his niece.

Upon the receipt of this intelligence, Peter Foster starts for London to establish the formal proofs of his identity and discover his long lost sister. Having travelled in the coach with Dr. Johnson, and having been complimented by him for his valour in a fray with highwaymen, he reaches London and takes up his abode in a dirty house, where Oliver Goldsmith is his fellow-lodger. The simple rustic hero of the tale soon falls a victim to the arts of a superior civilization. In an evil moment for himself and all his future happiness, chance brings him face to face with "a perfect exquisite on a slightly vulgar scale," whom he had before met in the country. Mr. Patrick Lynch, for such was the name of this very wicked young man, greets Peter Foster as an old acquaintance, and having soon discovered the nature of his business in London, resolves at once to make a good thing out of him. Perpetually sponging on the amiable, but not intelligent Peter, Mr. Lynch takes him one night to Vauxhall Gardens, where both the Catherines are introduced to the reader. Catherine Foster, a milliner's girl, is there rescued from the attempted embrace of a young "swell" by the chivalry of her twin brother, who, of course, neither knows nor is known by her. The other Catherine,—Catherine Augarde,—though absent in the flesh, is present in the spirit to Peter at Vauxhall, and is mentally contrasted by him with the painted beauties that flit before his wondering eyes in the gardens. But this erring and unhappy damsel, who had once visited Chorley Hall as "a waiting-maid to a lady of quality," and there won Peter's boyish love, had in the meantime become the devoted mistress of the perfidious Lynch. Her vain and shallow nature is plastic as wax under his cunning hands, and she is made the docile, though conscience-stricken, instrument of his treachery. Taught her part by him, she is palmed off upon Peter Foster as his lost sister. The credulous youth believes the tale, takes the spurious Catherine to his arms, and receives very valuable assistance from her, together with Mr. Lynch, her now acknowledged lover, in spending his money. For a while a fair wind blows behind the bark which bears the fortunes of the wicked; but at length one of those accidents which only occur in novels, brings the real Catherine Foster across the path of Catherine Augarde and Patrick Lynch, and she betrays to them who she is. Lynch, foreseeing the extent of the danger, disposes of her at once by making her pass counterfeit coin. By a failure of justice (justice generally fails in novels), his innocent victim is sentenced to solitary confinement in Bridewell, and the papers attesting her birth are stolen by Lynch. Furnished with these Catherine Augarde establishes her claim to the half of the property left by the deceased uncle of the Fosters, and now the end is near. All is ready for the flight of Lynch and Catherine Augarde to America, when Catherine Foster is released from prison. Alone upon the wide world and weary of her life, she wanders by night to the margin of the Thames. She gazes down into the dark waters, her brain grows dizzy, she staggers, and—is caught in the arms of Oliver Goldsmith, who takes her home to his lodgings, where she of course meets her brother Peter, and a recognition ensues, which is immediately followed by a tremendous *éclaircissement* with Catherine Augarde and Patrick Lynch. But the hero, hopelessly stupid to the last, suffers Lynch to escape unpunished. He quits the country, deserting Catherine Augarde, whom he had married that morning, and, by his desertion, makes a lunatic of her. She is, however, taken back by the brother and sister whom she had wronged to Chorley

Hall, where the curtain finally drops upon Catherine Foster, happy and comfortable in bed.

Such is an outline of the story of "The Two Catherines," ended, it will be seen, without a marriage productive of happiness for ever after, and an indefinite number of children. There are but two marriages in the book; the one at the beginning is childless, and the other is followed within twenty-four hours by desertion and insanity to one of the parties. This is very deplorable; and altogether there is an absence of love-making in "The Two Catherines," which must be a source of dissatisfaction to every healthy mind that reads it. What is to be said of a novel that, at its close, leaves the hero and the virtuous heroine not only unmarried, but leaves them without a single human being in sight with whom either of them can possibly get up a love affair? So serious is this matter, that should "The Two Catherines" reach a second edition, we trust the writer will remedy the defect by giving his readers, at the end, a glimpse of two new characters, the one a young lady (not like an old Bible), but of great beauty and virtue, and the other a young gentleman, of equal attractions in his line. Were our interest in the brother and sister more lively than it is, our distress at leaving them both in a state of celibacy would be unbearable; but candour compels us to say that they are a very tame couple, and we can part from them without any violent emotion. Very little, indeed, is seen of Catherine Foster throughout the story. From time to time she flits across the scene, looking very sweet and good, we are told; and once or twice, under the influence of strong excitement, she breaks out into speeches and pompous platitudes,—and that is all. Search, too, the wide and varied range of human character, and it is difficult to find a type more uninteresting than that to which Peter Foster belongs. The orthodox young man with a "clear blue eye," a warm heart, and a slender stock of ideas,—a creature of impulse quick to trust, but terrible in his wrath when he finds his trust abused,—is after all a feeble mortal. We wish him well as he blunders through the world; but when we meet him, we are glad to get rid of a bore. Whatever interest "The Two Catherines" may excite in its readers, is likely to flow from the two wicked personages; and much the best part of the book are the dialogues between them. "Ex uno disce omnes;" and for a specimen we will extract part of the dialogue in which Patrick Lynch persuades Catherine Augarde to represent herself to be Catherine Foster:—

"Do no harm! Oh, Patrick! is it no harm to swear that a lie is true?"

"Not the least in the world, darlin'—it's quite fair and honourable to do a little harm that a dale of good may come of it. It's the way of the world, dear, and thousands are at it every day of their lives. The king takes an oath to protect the liberties of his people, and breaks it when it's convenient. The clergy swear to serve the Lord, and most ways they serve the Devil. Lawyers swear to serve justice, and they do, for they serve her out most howdacious, and fight among themselves to see which can cheat her boldest—for she's blind and can't see. In fact, darlin', the world's one thunderin' big lie altogether—quite a mistake intirely, and it's to be hoped it will be put right some day."

"Our doing one thing wrong, Patrick," said Catherine, "can never help to put another thing right."

"That's thrue, dear, at least it seems so at first sight; but if you look on the matter with an enlightened and liberal spirit, you'll come to a different conclusion. I'll just ask you one question: haven't I been coorting you nigh two years constant, and have you ever known me do a mean or dishonourable action, or advise you to do one, which is just the same thing?"

"Well, no, I can't say you have; but you seem to be making a great mistake now."

"Not at all. I've considered the matter well, and it strikes me we shall be doing a good and virtuous action, quite the reverse of evil. The case is this. There stands the law holdin' a beautiful property that wants an owner; the owner's dead, and the dead can't inherit: well, then, what hinders you and me from enjoying it?"

"It isn't ours," she answered.

"It isn't anybody's, but somebody must have it; and where will you find folk who deserve it better than we do, or who would spend it on worthier objects? Sure, darlin', think what a dale of good we could do; we'd cover our lives all over with charitable actions. We'd feed the naked and clothe the hungry with good things, and their blessings should follow us to the gates of Paradise. Besides, dear, I'm thinking a dale more of you than meeself: a man can rub through the world anyhow, but for a woman it's different. See how hard you work, and how ill you fare! you can scarcely earn enough to buy mate and dhrink; and as for clothes, I'm sure you haven't had a new gown for a year."

"He had now touched Catherine's vulnerable point, and she answered,—

"That's quite true, Patrick; I do work hard and fare badly, just as you say; and matters are getting worse instead of better, for the ladies want more work for less money. And then I'm so shabby," she glanced down at her discoloured ribbons and faded dress, "that I don't like to go out with you, and you so smart and gay." She looked admiringly on him as she spoke.

"Whist, darlin'! my smart clothes are all my fortune, they're my stock-in-trade, and I couldn't live without 'em. The world goes a deal by appearances, dear. To be poor and look poor is ruination to a man's prospects; in fact, it's the devil all over, as the saying is. A man that's well dressed will gain credit, where another man would starve. I'm forced to live by my wits, honey; an' if it wasn't for my iligant apparence and agreeable manners, how could I keep company with all the great lords and ladies in the land as I do?"

"You look like a lord yourself," said Catherine, gazing with a loving look upon his bold handsome face. "I often wonder why you waste your time on the likes of me, when so many beautiful ladies must be opening their eyes at you."

"Faix, now," he answered, "I don't deny that I have been proposed to more than once; but I'm deaf to their blandishments, and blind to their sweet flattering charms—and all by reason of you, darlin'. Sure I'd die for you every hour of my life! and if it wasn't for the hope of one day recaving you as my share of this world's good things, I'd shuffle off this mortal coil, and expire at your feet. For what's life without love? it's like a nut without a karnel; crack it, and it's full of emptiness."

In the event of "The Two Catherines" going into a second edition, we have another suggestion to offer. Let a clean sweep be made of all the historical characters. This might, it is true, reduce the book to one-half its present size, but they are useless incumbrances, and can only have been introduced for the purpose of making the world believe that the writer of "The Two Catherines" knows all about the celebrities of the past century. Johnson, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Hogarth, Garrick, and others, are dragged in by the neck and shoulders. Thirty pages are given to the account of a dinner at which these luminaries meet, and the dinner is only tacked on to



the story by making the hero one of the party, though he does not speak a word. Among them, it is said, the art of conversation flourished; but if they really conversed as the author of "The Two Catherine's" represents them to have done, may all our guardian angels unite to preserve us from the recovery of the lost art. Few and evil would be our days, and *ennui* would slay its tens of thousands. There is quite moralizing enough in the book without calling in the assistance of Dr. Johnson; and Oliver Goldsmith is not the proper person to save the heroine from drowning. If the heroine of a novel must be brought to the brink of a watery grave, there is but one man who should happen to be rowing alongside in a wherry, at any hour of the night, and that is her lover; or if she have no lover, then the hero of the story must be on the spot. To delegate this function to any other man is a departure from the most elementary canons of novel-writing. In a second edition, therefore, we should wish to see Goldsmith dismissed, and Peter Foster saving his sister; or, better still, we would give her a lover, and let him do it.

#### NORTHERN EUROPE.\*

CAPTAIN LAURIE'S book should have been called "Reminiscences of India jotted down during a Tour in the North of Europe." He has been so dazzled by the oriental scenes among which he has spent twenty years of his life, that they shimmer before his eyes in whatever direction he looks, and drive him into comparisons which soon become more than ordinarily odious. He cannot describe a voyage to Hamburg in the *Snowdon* without talking about the *Ramchunder* in a simoom; the arrival of the Elbe pilot reminds him "of a scene on board the *Tenasserim*, on return from Rangoon to Calcutta, after the Burmese war;" and the sight of Bernadotte's tomb at Stockholm induces him to favour us with a sketch of the Mysore campaign, and some information about the Danish missionaries in Tranquebar. The consequence is that we get scarcely any information about the countries he visits, of which any untravelled writer could produce an equally authentic account, without wandering farther from his desk than is necessary for the sake of consulting a few common-place books of reference.

In the autumn of 1861, Captain Laurie sailed from Leith in search of health and Scandinavian impressions. At first he appears to have been somewhat disappointed with what he saw, for in Heligoland he had "expected to behold some dark, giant rock frowning down on the restless North Sea, as if beholding another 'death-boat' plunging by its lee-shore with a 'band of cadaverous smile' for its crew," instead of "what seemed at first like a piece of the Sussex coast cut off and set in the ocean," and on steaming up the Elbe he thought more than once that it was "very like the Indian dark-flowing Hooghly," and that the banks offered "a touch of the picturesque scenery on one of Burmah's noble rivers;" but, on closer examination, the flattering resemblance disappeared. However, he soon recovers his equanimity, and starting with a steady determination to be pleased, quickly grows enthusiastic about the Danes and Swedes, who show him no small kindness; so that after a few days' sojourning among them, he is emboldened to grapple with the great Schleswig-Holstein question, which he sums up by saying, "Even supposing the German element to be equally strong in both duchies, Denmark's pretensions to them, some may think, should no more be disputed than should British pretensions be disputed at Delhi or Poonah, because the Mahomedans wish another Mogul, and the Mahrattas another Peishwah." But he is in hopes that the time will come when Denmark will give up her claim to any rule over a German population, and will become united with Sweden and Norway in one great Scandinavian confederacy. Russia, he thinks, will then very probably give Finland back to its original rulers, and a strong power will arise, capable of rendering us effectual aid in resisting the sloop of the Slavonic eagle. And the present King of Sweden he considers a very fit monarch for the hypothetical kingdom, being greatly delighted by the courtesy with which his Majesty received him and his father at the palace, inviting them to sit down by his side, "as if he had been a very ordinary person, instead of the King of Sweden," and bidding them a most cordial farewell as they left the audience chamber. "He looked," says Captain Laurie, "every inch a king. Tall, dark, with a most intelligent and pleasing, yet decided expression of countenance, he struck me as being just the fit man to govern Sweden; nay, more, to be the future sovereign of the three Scandinavian kingdoms. His manner was easy and affable; and on my presenting him with 'Pegu, a Narrative of the Second Burmese War,' he seemed quite pleased," &c.

This interview with royalty forms almost the only noticeable incident in Captain Laurie's tour. He meets with no adventures and makes few acquaintances, so that, in order to fill the pages which are not dedicated to his Indian reminiscences, he is obliged to make known to the world the philosophical reflections in which he occasionally indulged. "Rambling through the streets," he says, "I could not help being struck with some of the signs; and after quoting as a specimen the name and calling of a saddle maker, in which nothing of very intense interest is apparent, he continues:—"Another sign, simply A. C. Johnson, set me a thinking if it were possible that this gentleman could in any way be connected with our immortal Samuel, author of 'The Vanity of Human Wishes,' and 'The English Dictionary.'" Surely Captain Laurie might have seen the name above a shop without going as far as Sweden for the purpose, and might have been capable of the intellectual effort to which it gave rise, even if his wits had not been brightened by the northern sun. On another occasion he informs us that the sight of a picture representing the murder of a woman and her children reminded him of the atrocities committed during the Indian mutiny; "thus forcing the thought that what was really so terrible and heart-rending in our time had been fully equalled, if not surpassed, by numerous scenes in the dark pages of history." A thought scarcely worth forcing. It is true that he now and then gives us intelligence of a startling nature. For instance, his visit to the royal library at Stockholm enables him to throw a flood of most unexpected light upon the early history of printing, for there he saw not only "what was said to be the first Bible ever printed—*speculum humane salvationes* (sic) *Xylographon Frün*"—interesting as that fact and description must be to bibliographers, but "the largest book in the world. It was about three feet six inches long, three feet broad, and deep enough in all

conscience. . . . 'Tryckt' (impressed or printed) 'hos kortor i Haarlem.' . . . The large book, I understood, was found in Moravia, in 1230." There can be no question about the originality of this piece of information, or of that which he contributes for the benefit of the Philological Society. "The Swedish and Danish languages differ very little from each other. The Norwegian, possessing more of the ancient Scandinavian idiom, is not so easy to acquire as the former two. The ancient Icelandic language was enriched, in the ninth century, by the Norwegian. Denmark, Sweden, and Norway was the order of departure from the old Scandinavian idiom." The captain evidently has his own theories about language, as other great linguists have had, which may account for his use of such expressions as "*La Musée Française*," the "*Montagne de la Russe*," the above-mentioned "*speculum humane salvationes*," "*a Roman Osteri*," "*the Allemagne Zeitung*," and "*Si quæras monumentum, circumspice*." We should not think it necessary to call attention to these merits of the book, if it possessed any others; but it is so deficient in the good qualities which we might have expected to find in the journal of a holiday-making captain of artillery, that we are obliged to make the most of the instruction which he has provided for us.

Tearing himself unwillingly away from Stockholm, the captain proceeded to Drottningholm, where he had an interview with Prince Auguste, the king's brother, and afterwards saw him when, wonderful to relate, "having changed the shooting-coat which he wore in the morning for an ordinary tailed coat with brass buttons, but wearing the same round, brown felt hat, he accompanied a friend or two he had been entertaining to the vessel, and then left for the palace, with a graceful 'good-bye,' and thence to Upsala, "where the youth of Sweden labour in that mine of condition which is to fit them for the stern battle of life," and where the conviction is forced upon his mind that "there are well and ill-dressed people in Sweden as everywhere else." Unwillingly he then departed from the country which had made a most favourable impression upon him. "We had found much to admire," he says, "and little to censure; we liked the country and the people. There is something about the Swedish character so noble, and yet so homely and contented withal, so cheerful, without any approach to frivolity, so pious without ostentation, that I cannot help thinking, if I were not a Briton, I would be a Swede." Steaming across the Baltic, he favours us with a good deal of information. After telling us that "Finland lies north of the gulf" of that name, and that in Lapland "the sun is absent for many weeks, the moon and stars alone being visible. This occurs in the winter," he gives a short account of the reindeer, quotes Mrs. Hemans to prove that Laplanders may be in love, and settles an ethnological question in a tone that admits of no appeal. "The Finns and Lapps are of the Mongolian variety—in the whole European family the only exceptions to the Caucasian race"—the obscure tribe of people called Hungarians being, no doubt, beneath the captain's notice. After a short stay at Helsingfors he proceeded to St. Petersburg, improving the time by making acquaintance with his fellow-passengers, among whom were included "a remarkably sweet-looking lady of rank, from a root composed of the Slavonic and the German; a Finnish baroness, who had visited London and Paris, and who conversed with me at dinner—frank, lively, and agreeable; a Russian princess, dark, Bohemian-like, witty, intelligent, and who could talk English before she was twelve years of age; and her sister-in-law, one of the most pleasant talkers I ever listened to, &c." In the land of the Czar he seems to have met with nothing but civility.

"Was it a dream?" he asks, on arriving at St. Petersburg. "How travellers had exaggerated the penalties of the Custom-house! Such reform was surely the doing of Alexander, who would free the serfs from bondage! A slight search on board, most civilly conducted; some extra chalking of mysterious hieroglyphics on our baggage in a small office on the quay; good-humoured, red-headed, and red-bearded droschky-drivers, offering us a small vehicle with a tight little horse of no common blood,"—all was rose-colour, and this agreeable hue continued to tinge the scene during the whole of the captain's stay in Russia. Nothing can be more meagre than the description he gives of St. Petersburg; he seems scarcely to have observed anything, and his pages are a mere compilation from the works of a past generation of travellers. Instead of jotting down faithfully what he saw in the streets, taverns, and bazaars of St. Petersburg, he draws upon the writings of Dr. Clarke, Sir Robert Ker Porter, and the Marquis de Custine, or if he does venture upon an original remark, talks such nonsense as this, "Czarism now—in its original form at least—is in its decline. This has been brought about in quite an unexpected fashion. The poor serf, no longer able to behold his Emperor trampling on the kings, princes, and nations of Europe and Asia, thinks of his own liberty; enters boldly into the scheme for bringing it about, &c." The only passages of any interest are those in which he describes his visit to the Alexander Theatre, where he saw a Russian play performed, and to the Bureau des Etrangers, where he obtained his passport without difficulty or delay, and met with the greatest civility. "Having come to the country of the Czar," he says, "with the impression that we would meet with officials as uncivil as bears, to whom, if we replied indignantly, a prison and black bread, the knout or Siberia, might be our fate, we were about to leave it with a very high idea of Russian civility to strangers. Even in that busy world, the post-office, every desire to accommodate us was manifested." Captain Laurie returned home by way of Berlin, but there is little in his description of the route that deserves attention. The railway communication was not quite complete at that time, and part of the journey was performed by diligence, but at present the line is open the whole way, and through tickets may be taken from Berlin to St. Petersburg.

Many tourists will no doubt be induced to take advantage of the facilities offered them for visiting Russia, in spite of the gloomy prophecies of tumults and massacres which some men are uttering, and if any of them write books on the subject, we sincerely hope that at least we shall not meet with one that is worse than the record of Captain Laurie's tour in Northern Europe.

#### CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

OXYGEN gas has truly been called the breath of life. Its powers of supporting fire are so intense, and its action is so violent when in the pure state, that, for the purposes of respiration and ordinary combustion, it is presented to us in the atmosphere diluted with four-fifths of the perfectly inert gas, nitrogen. The

\* Northern Europe (Denmark, Sweden, Russia), Local, Social, and Political, in 1861. With a Succinct Continuation down to May, 1862. By Captain W. F. B. Laurie, Her Majesty's Madras Artillery. Saunders & Otley.



properties of pure oxygen must be familiar to every one who has attended a popular lecture on chemistry. Nothing seems to come amiss to it—a piece of phosphorus, a wax candle, or a steel file, alike blaze away with the utmost vigour, and exemplify most forcibly the wisdom which has provided in the atmosphere so admirable a diluent for its energetic powers. But though our atmosphere is perfect for all ordinary requirements of combustion, there are numerous cases which occur in the arts or manufactures in which greater energy of burning is wanted. The metallurgy of platinum by Deville's method, as practised by Messrs. Johnson & Matthey, is a case in point; and the brilliant oxy-hydrogen lime-light is another instance of the useful production of force unattainable except with oxygen less diluted than is supplied to us by nature.

Could this gas be obtained on a commercial scale at anything like a reasonable price, its applications would be innumerable. There is scarcely any branch of manufacture in which it could not be advantageously employed, but its enormous price has rendered such applications very limited. It is not only absolutely pure oxygen which would be of such commercial value; many branches of manufacture in which its intense powers might be utilized could be carried on as well, or even better, with a mixed gas, intermediate, in some degree, between the atmospheric mixture and undiluted oxygen. In a furnace, for instance, fed with oxygen slightly less diluted than ordinary air, the heat could be rapidly and safely raised to the highest required point, whilst pure oxygen, under the same circumstances, would at once cause the fire-bars and iron fittings to enter into as lively combustion as the coal itself, and, in a very short time, would run down furnace, fuel, crucible, and contents into a glassy slag.

Numerous have been the attempts made by scientific and practical men to produce this gas economically, but they have hitherto met with very limited success. This has probably arisen from their desire to bring before the public an absolutely pure gas. Of these, the sulphuric acid process of Deville is probably the best, but it is attended with practical difficulties when attempted on a large scale which have yet to be overcome. A patent has recently been brought before the public, under management which promises much for its successful introduction, which seems likely to answer manufacturing requirements in a very perfect manner. Not aiming so high as others, the inventor has met with much greater success. Pure oxygen being very expensive, and not really of much general value, the inventor, Mr. Webster, proposes to supply a mixture of oxygen and nitrogen, about three or four times as rich as our atmosphere in the former gas, and which can be procured at such a price as will enable it to be used almost as freely as coal gas. For this purpose, nitrate of soda and oxide of zinc, both very cheap, are heated together in a peculiarly-formed iron retort, when the nitric acid splits up into its component elements and passes through a purifier, where it is freed from nitrous impurities, into a gas-holder. The oxide of zinc probably only acts mechanically, inducing by its presence the nitric acid to separate more readily from the soda; such actions are not rare in chemistry. It is in no ways altered by the operation, and may be used repeatedly after the residual alkali is washed out. According to eudiometrical analysis, the gas produced in this manner consists of about 70 per cent. of oxygen, with 30 per cent. of nitrogen (the atmosphere containing about 21 per cent. only of oxygen). It supports combustion in a vivid manner, and, when used for the lime light, is almost as efficient as pure oxygen, whilst from calculations supplied by Professor Pepper, it is less than one-eighth the price. We understand that the lime lights at the Polytechnic Institution are about to be supplied with oxygen prepared under this patent, as the brilliancy of the light is not materially interfered with by the slight admixture of nitrogen.

#### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

**LIVE GORILLA (?) IN ENGLAND.**—Statements have appeared in the daily papers, to the effect, that by the arrival of the African mail steamer *Armenian*, at Liverpool, there had been brought to that port a fine male specimen of the gorilla. The report continued, "He appears quite docile, and has an especial relish for animal food. His skin is of an olive colour, and, as he is yet very young, only slightly covered with hair. He is about three and a half feet in height, very broad and thick across the chest; whilst his arms are long, and his legs clumsy, displaying great strength." This, it was further stated, was the only live specimen of the gorilla ever brought to this country, which statement there may be some doubt about, for a young specimen is thought to have passed through this country some years ago in Wombwell's Travelling Menagerie, without, however, attracting any attention, as its specific distinctions were not noted, and it passed for a variety of the ordinary chimpanzee. For all practical purposes, the new foreigner would have been the first living gorilla in Europe if he had proved to be a gorilla at all, which unfortunately the naturalists who have visited him pronounce him not to be. Whether he will turn out to be even a new species of ape from those interesting regions of equatorial Africa, in which gorillas abound, will probably be known in London to-day, for we learn that the Zoological Society, with their accustomed and most praiseworthy energy, have already sent the able superintendent of their gardens to inspect and treat for his purchase. Mr. Bartlett, therefore, on his return, or Dr. Sclater, if the young ape be brought to town, will soon let us know what the creature is, but already it seems certain we shall have to wait still awhile before we shall see living in the retreats of the wonderful menagerie in the Regent's-park one of these interesting gorillas.

**SPECTRUM OF CARBON.**—When the slightly luminous flame produced by a mixture of coal-gas and air is examined by the spectroscope, its light is found to consist of four groups of rays of different refrangibility, which appear on the instrument as faint yellow, light green, bright blue, and rich violet bands. In 1856 Swan found the spectrum thus obtained was common to all hydro-carbon flames, and in reading Swan's paper, Mr. Attfield, the Director of the Pharmaceutical Society's Laboratory, came to the conclusion that these bands must be due to incandescent carbon vapour; and that if so, they must be absent from flames in which carbon is absent, and present in flames in which carbon is present; that they must be observable equally in the flames of the oxide, sulphide, and nitride, as in that of the hydride of carbon; and, finally, that they must be present whether the incandescence be produced by chemical force, as in burning jets of the gases in the open air, or by electric force, or where hermetically sealed

tubes of the gases are exposed to the discharge from a powerful induction coil. By experiments he has confirmed this theory. The spectrum of carbon is a very beautiful one. The lines composing each band of light regularly diminish in brightness in the direction of the greatest refraction, and apparently retreat from the observer like pillars of a portico seen in perspective. It differs greatly from that of every other element, and though in all the experiments Mr. Attfield made it was accompanied by the spectrum of nitrogen, hydrogen, sulphur, or oxygen, it distinguished itself widely from any of them. The brightest band of the carbon spectrum being blue, and its other constituents being, on the one hand, light green, and on the other, violet, the associated rays of ignited carbon vapour, as indeed seen by the naked eye in carbon flames, appear to be of a light blue colour. This tint may be observed in the flame of a spirit lamp, and the base of that of a common candle. This emission of carbon light naturally leads to the consideration of the absorption of carbon light by carbon vapour; but upon this point Mr. Attfield does not enlighten us. His investigations also point to the still more important question whether the spectrum of the compound is simply the sum of the spectra of its constituents. Mr. Attfield has made some experiments confirmatory of the latter view, but others made by Plücker on the effects of the electric discharge on rarefied gases, seem to indicate that a compound has a different spectrum from the total of the superposed spectra of its constituent elements.

**PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE ORGANS OF VOICE.**—In 1855 M. Garcia exhibited, at the Royal Society, an instrument for bringing the glottis, and its movements during speech, under the cognizance of human eyesight. By his instrument, however, only a very limited portion of the whole extent of that organ could be brought into view; but recently Professor Czermak has brought the laryngoscope to very great perfection, so that the entire glottis, with the adjacent parts, are clearly seen, and its condition during vocalization and the changes of the cords in the different chest and falsetto notes are made patent to the eye. The ingenious contriver of this valuable instrument has now succeeded in producing photographs and even stereoscopic views of the phenomena. It is needless to comment on the physiological value of such visual tests of the marvellous process of speech, which have remained hidden through all time, and are now fixed and brought into the light by the wonderful pictures of the photographer.

**PETROLEUM PITCH.**—In the first distillation of the crude rock-oil and in the subsequent processes where steam is not employed, it is not convenient to run the charges down to dryness, as the stills are thus more or less endangered; and therefore at such times when the distillation of paraffine is not important, the charges are run down to a thick pitch, which, when cold, is an artificial asphaltum that is very useful for many purposes, especially in waterproof cements, varnishes, and patent fuel. Evaporated to proper consistence, it is valuable for roofing,—the roof being first covered with paper sheathing, then with the melted pitch, on which, while hot, gravel or sand is strewn. The pitch may also be converted into lamp-black by burning it away from air, the exclusion of the air preventing the formation of carbonic acid.

#### LEARNED SOCIETIES AND INSTITUTIONS.

**Geographical, Nov. 6th, Sir R. I. Marchison in the chair.**—Various papers were read "On the Latest Explorations in Australia," communicated by Governors Sir John Bowen and Sir H. Barkly, and John Kent, Esq., of Queensland. Mr. Landsborough's and Captain Norman's expeditions from Moreton Bay to the Gulf of Carpentaria, and thence southward across to the River Darling, had proved that large tracts of country possessing a healthy climate were available for pastoral purposes, and had all the elements for the sustenance of a vast population.

The President commented on the impolicy and injustice of the desire manifested by a small party in England in respect to the separation of the British colonies from the mother-country,—a theme which was warmly taken up by Governors Sir Richard MacDonnell (South Australia), Sir Charles Nicholson (New South Wales), and Governor Kennedy (West Australia), who all stated that no such wish was ever desired or expressed by any of the colonists in their respective districts, and that it was impossible more loyalty could exist towards the British Crown than was felt by the colonists of Australia.

Governor Kennedy produced a specimen of a gigantic oyster, remarkable for its beautiful nacreous coating, the shells of which were worth £140 a ton when imported into this country.

**Amateur Photographic Society, Nov. 7th, Council meeting, James Glaisher, Esq., F.R.S., in the Chair.**—The secretary read a letter from Lieut.-Colonel C. Holder, submitting suggestions for holding an exhibition of photographs. In reply to interrogatories by the chairman, the secretary stated that he proposed to apply to members for next year's negatives early in January next, and he added that although members could always have their negatives returned to them on demand, yet owing to the continued and rapid increase of members and subscribers, it would be greatly to the interest of the Association that the negatives should not be returned until those of the year following were ready for publication.

**Zoological Society, Nov. 11th, Professor Huxley, V.P., F.R.S., in the Chair.**—Mr. Bartlett read some notes on the habits of the Aye Aye living in the gardens of the society, and called particular attention to the fact of its appearing averse to every kind of insect food. Dr. Buckland exhibited living and preserved specimens of *Coronella levis*, a well known European snake recently ascertained to be found in England, and gave particulars of the several occasions on which it had been captured in Hampshire and elsewhere. A paper was read by Mr. J. Y. Johnson, describing two new corals from Madeira.

Other communications were read from Dr. Hartlaub, "On a New Cuckoo from Madagascar (*Cuculus Rochii*); from Mr. Krefft, upon the different kinds of Australian snakes in the vicinity of Sydney; from Mr. A. Adams, on the species of *Obeliscina* found in Japan, and on new species of *Limopsis* from the Cumingian collection; by M. Mörch, on the Genera of Mollusca established by H. F. Link, in the catalogue of the Rostock Museum; by Dr. Dunker, entitled, "Species Nonnullæ Bursarum vel Ranellarum, Collectionis Cumingianæ; from Mr. Harper Pease, on new Marine Shells from the Sandwich Islands; and from Dr. Lamprey, respecting some new pheasants shipped for the society from Northern China.

**Microscopic Society, Nov. 12th, J. Farrants, Esq., President.**—The first paper was one by R. L. Maddox, M.D., on a method of taking photographs of microscopic objects by means of the ordinary table microscope. The instrument was levelled, and the eye-piece being fitted into a camera by means of a sliding tube and the mirror turned towards the sun, the rays of light were condensed upon and illuminated the object, which was introduced on the ordinary stage of the instrument. The magnified image of the object formed by the object-glass of the microscope, is received on the photographic plate, with or



without the intervention of an eye-piece, at any moderate distance, according to the degree of amplification required. Very beautiful photographs, printed on albumenized paper, of some seventy or eighty objects, were exhibited to the meeting and were greatly admired. Mr. Shadbolt (who read the paper) suggested that the photo-zincographic process of Captain Sir Henry James might be adopted to utilize the negatives produced by Dr. Maddox as a means of accurately and cheaply illustrating books. The Rev. J. B. Reade referred to the arrangement he had described in 1837, in respect to the solar microscope, for getting rid of the condensation of heat with the light; and Mr. Highley spoke also on the same topic, and suggested the passing of the light through a solution of alum. He proposed to construct a hollow bull's-eye filled with solution of alum.

Mr. Shadbolt read a second paper by Dr. Maddox, which had been communicated to him as editor of the *British Journal of Photography*, on some acari met with alive in an ordinary solution of nitrate of silver used for photographic purposes. Similar specimens from another source, but apparently dead, being placed in rain-water, exhibited symptoms of life. Mr. Richard Beck said he had compared Dr. Maddox's acarus with others found by Mr. Sterry, and those some years ago found under very singular circumstances by Mr. Crosse. He considered them all of identical species, and their wide-spread distribution would thus diminish the wonderment which might be felt at the many strange circumstances under which they had been met with. Mr. Sterry said he had noticed the hatching of the ova of this species, which took place about a fortnight after he obtained the specimens. What these acari fed on was still a subject for investigation. He had found that they would greedily eat bread, and to those found on the walls of his photographic room he presumed it was the paper that furnished their nutriment. He had found the bodies of these acari in nitrate of silver solution, but never any living specimens. Mr. Cornelius Varley stated that he had found them also in a strong arsenical solution into which they had doubtless been conveyed by the air.

Philological, Nov. 13th, Professor Key, V.P., in the chair.—The attention of members was directed to the change of day of meeting, from Thursday to Friday, to take place after the commencement of the new year. Specimen-pages of the "Concise Dictionary," proposed to be prepared by the fellows of the society, under the direction of an editorial staff, as a ground-work for the society's proposed larger dictionary, were distributed at the meeting. Mr. Woodward, librarian of the Royal Library at Windsor, drew attention to a manuscript copy of some treatises by the Hermit of Hampole which belonged to the library of the Chapter of Windsor, probably of the end of the fourteenth century, and which were curious, as showing traces of Evangelical belief at a period prior to the Reformation. The manuscript in question was also especially remarkable for the great number of ancient north-country words used in the diction. The first paper read was "On Bishop Grosseteste's Castle of Love," by Mr. R. P. Weymouth, in which reference was made to the various known copies of this religious poem, one of the works of Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln from 1235 to 1253, such as the Bodleian MS. the Lansdowne, the Vernon, the MS. in the Brussels Library, &c., and comparison made between various passages in these and the printed editions published by the Caxton Society, and by Mr. Halliwell. By means of these comparisons the author proposed corrected readings of many passages which, through accident or the error of scribes, were obscure or evidently wanting in correctness. The second paper was one which induced a lively discussion as to the soundness of the theory advocated, "On the negative prefixes of composition in Hebrew," being the third of a series on this class of subjects. In former papers the author had endeavoured to prove that many words in Hebrew are of a composite character, and that, contrary to many high authorities, there are in that language numerous compounds, both in verbs and nouns. The composition was generally effected by the combination of a prefix with a monosyllabic root-syllable, and some of these prefixes consisted of a single consonant, whilst others are bi-consonantal. He had also directed attention to certain terminal syllables or letters. The author now resumed the consideration of these prefixes. Some he regarded as *privative* in their signification, while others were *intensive*—the consideration of the former, of which examples are fewest in number, forming the special subject of the present communication. Proofs were adduced to show the existence of at least one negative prefix in Hebrew, and there was evidence afforded, the author thought, of others. The negative prefix more particularly attempted to be proved was the Hebrew *m* (or *ma*), and amongst other words in which it was considered to occur was "*maas*"—"to despise." This verb was supposed to be compounded by the combination of this negative prefix, *m*, with a root syllable, *as*, indicative of respect or honour, and corresponding to the Greek case, *αἰσέω*—"to venerate;" or the Arabic *asa*—"honouratus fuit." The justness of this and other similar suppositions was supported by many examples, and the subject was worked out with a great amount of detail. The Hebrew letter *Sha* was also regarded as a prefix in such words as *shakar*—"to be false," which were by the author regarded as negative compounds—in the example cited of a root meaning "just or true." This singular theory of the formation of new positive verbs and nouns by the negation of others in a monosyllabic language, is a doctrine which will call forth strong arguments before it can be accepted or rejected, and out of which much interesting information may be expected.

Syro-Egyptian, Dr. Lee in the Chair.—Mr. Sharpe, "On some passages in the Bible relating to Egypt." The author thought the word relating to "Egypt" should be more often translated "Lower Egypt;" and that Cush sometimes meant all the Arabic races, sometimes Ethiopia, and in the book of Chronicles Ethiopia and Upper Egypt. Zerah he thought a king of Thebes—probably Rameses.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### LIST OF MEETINGS FOR NEXT WEEK.

#### MONDAY.

- ARCHITECTS—Conduit-street, Hanover-square, at 8 P.M. "Some Remarks on Colour and Colour-decoration." By Mr. T. Hayter Lewis.  
ASIATIC—5, New Burlington-street, at 8 P.M.  
MEDICAL—32A, George-street, Hanover-square, at 8½ P.M. Lettsomian Lecture—"Man's intrinsic Predisposition to Health or Disease, and the Climatic Action of Hygienic Modifiers on the Vitality of his Organism." By James Bird, M.D.  
LONDON INSTITUTION—Finsbury Circus, at 7 P.M. "On Reptiles." By Professor Owen.  
ROYAL ACADEMY—Trafalgar-square, at 8 P.M. "Anatomy." By Professor Partridge.

#### TUESDAY.

- CIVIL ENGINEERS—25, Great George-street, Westminster, at 8 P.M. Discussion on Mr. Crawford's "Railway System in Germany."  
ETHNOLOGICAL—4, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square, at 8 P.M. 1. "Report on the Ethnological Papers read at the British Association Meeting at Cambridge." By T. Wright, Esq. 2. "Account of a Visit to the Fens." By Capt. R. Burton, H.M.'s Consul at Fernando Po. 3. "On the Human Remains found at Wroxeter." By T. Wright, Esq.  
STATISTICAL—13, St. James's-square, at 8 P.M. 1. "Report of the Proceedings of Section F of the British Association at Cambridge." By Mr. Furdy. 2. "On the Vital Statistics of Tasmania." By Dr. Hale, of Hobart Town.

#### WEDNESDAY.

- GEOLOGICAL—Burlington House, at 8 P.M. 1. "On the Cambrian and Huronian Formations with Remarks on the Laurentian." By J. J. Bigsby, M.D., F.L.S. 2. "On some Euliosaurian Vertebræ from the Coal-measures of Nova Scotia." By O. C. Marsh, Esq., of Yale College.  
SOCIETY OF ARTS—John-street, Adelphi, at 8 P.M. Opening Address. By Sir Thomas Phillips, F.L.S., Chairman of the Council.  
METEOROLOGICAL—25, Great George-street, at 7 P.M. "On Decrease of Temperature, with Elevation as found by the recent Balloon Ascent." By James Glaisher, Esq., F.R.S.  
LONDON INSTITUTION—Finsbury Circus, at 7 P.M. "Operation of Heat in Geological Phenomena." By Mr. E. W. Brayley, F.R.S.

#### THURSDAY.

- ROYAL—Burlington House, at 8½ P.M. "On the fossil remains of a long-tailed bird, *Archæopteryx macrurus*, from the lithographic stone of Solenhofen."  
CHEMICAL—Burlington House, at 8 P.M. 1. "On some Reactions of the Organo-metallic Radicals." By G. B. Buckton, Esq. 2. "On the Specific Gravity of Urine as a Measure of its Solid Constituents." By E. Nicholson, Esq.  
ANTIQUARIES—Somerset House, at 8½ P.M.  
LINNEAN—Burlington House, at 8 P.M. 1. "On the Development of Orthopterous and Hemipterous Insects." By A. Murray, Esq. 2. "On the Hairs of *Carcinus Menas*." 3. "Notes of the Food and Parasites of the *Salmo salar* of the Tay." By Dr. W. C. McIntosh.  
NUMISMATIC—Gate-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, at 7 P.M.

#### FRIDAY.

- LONDON INSTITUTION—Finsbury-circus, at 7 P.M. "On Chemistry of Non-Metallic Elements." By Professor F. Field.

### LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 13, 1862.

- Ansted's (Prof. D. T.) & Latham's (Dr. G.) The Channel Islands. Illustrated, 8vo., cloth, £1. 6s.  
Aphorisms of the Wise and Good. Illustrated by S. Stanesby. 16mo., cloth, 9s.  
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